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THE STORY OF A SCAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORTON HOUSE," "VALERIE ATYLMER," ETC.

IT was a very pleasant group that was assembled in the drawing-room of Colonel Dulaney's country-house, as the dusk was dying away over the wintry hills, and the

ing that it would be a pity to disturb it by the invasion of lamps. So the only light in the apartment was that given forth by a large wood-fire, which illuminated every thing

charming picture as the red radiance flickered over them—shining on the rich silks which two of them wore, and flashing back from the bright eyes of the other pair, who



"I put up my hand very softly, and drew the dagger from under my pillow."—Page 313.

short December day drew rapidly to a close—a very sociable group, too, although it was composed entirely of ladies. They had shortly before come up from dinner, leaving the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their olives and wine, and, finding twilight in possession of the room, had unanimously agreed in think-

in its immediate neighborhood, while shadows gathered deeply in all the corners, and the silvery moonlight traced pale outlines on the carpet at the other end of the long room. There is nothing prettier than this soft mingling of twilight and firelight, and the four ladies grouped around the hearth-rug made a

were dressed simply, as became their youth, yet elegantly, as became their station.

The first of the silken-attired ladies was lying indolently back in a deep chair, while one of her slender hands held a fire-screen of Oriental device before a very fair and high-bred face—a face over which thirty-five sum-

mers had passed so lightly as to leave only added beauty behind them. This was Mrs. Dulaney, the most charming and popular hostess of all the gay and hospitable countryside; and whose caught one gleam of her frank blue eyes, never marvelled even once concerning either the charm or the popularity.

Next to her a bonny brown-haired, brown-eyed girl was nestling on an ottoman, with her tinted face half shaded by the sweeping draperies of her hostess—a dainty, *petite* creature, dressed in a soft blue fabric, the Vandyck corsage of which showed the whitest neck in the world, and a diamond pendant that glittered in the firelight. It was a proverb with her friends that Ethel Lamar was never silent for five minutes; but more than five minutes had elapsed since her last remark, and still the little lady sat quiet—her bright brown eyes fastened on the glowing coals as intently as if she were reading her fortune there.

In the corner of a sofa not far distant sat a lady who was dressed in black silk, so heavy and stiff that it rustled like armor whenever she moved—a lady whose face, in repose, was somewhat plain, somewhat severe, and marked by the lines of at least fifty years, but whose smile, when it came, was so cheery and good-humored that it left nothing to be desired either in appearance or expression. She was the only one of the quartet who was busy with any occupation, but her nimble fingers were knitting soft, white wool; and as the firelight glanced back from her polished needles, it also gleamed over her firm hands, across one of which there ran a deep-red scar, exactly like a sabre-stroke.

On the other end of the same sofa, in an attitude of supreme comfort, a stately, rich-hued brunette was reclining, with her feet doubled up in some inscrutable girl-fashion, and her dress sweeping the floor like a royal train. Do what she would, Alice Palmer always looked queenly and imposing, and people who did not know her felt a sort of awe of her on this account—an awe absurdly misplaced, since she was in reality as simple and unaffected as a child. Of the four ladies, she was the only one who was not gazing into the fire; her eyes, as it chanced, were turned on her companion's hands, and her voice was the first to break the stillness which had settled over them all.

"Mrs. Stuart!"—she spoke so abruptly that the lady who was knitting started at the unexpected sound of her own name—"Mrs. Stuart, may I ask you an impertinent question?"

Mrs. Stuart gave one quick glance out of her clear hazel eyes, while the smile that came over her face showed that the speaker was a favorite with her.

"You may ask me a question if you like, my dear," she said, "but I shall reserve the right to answer it, on account of its impertinence."

"Yes," said Miss Palmer, with a smile. "Well, then, will you please tell us how that singular scar came on your hand? I have wanted to ask you often, only I did not like to do so. But if you would not mind telling, Ethel and I are desperately curious."

Mrs. Stuart looked at Ethel, who blushed; then down at her hand, which seemed to blush also, as the red firelight flickered over it; then up at the dark eyes fixed on her with a half-laughing appeal.

"I have no objection to telling you, my dear," she said. "Indeed, there is a tolerable moral attached, that might do good to young ladies who are fond of flirting" (it was now Miss Palmer's turn to blush); "but it is rather a long story."

"A long story!" cried Ethel Lamar. "Oh, then, dear Mrs. Stuart, it is the very thing we want, for you know it will be an age till the gentlemen come up, and this is the time of all others for story-telling. Please do tell us, if you don't mind."

"So you think you need the moral, too, girlkin?"

"I am sure she does," said Mrs. Dulaney, with a smile.—"Ah, my little lady, that is a very fine look of reproach, but do you think I was deaf all through dinner, and I did not hear poor Charley—so you know what I mean?" she broke off, with a laugh, as Miss Lamar flushed crimson.—"Give us the story by all means, Mrs. Stuart. I am sure it is worth hearing, and I am also sure that these young ladies are sadly in need of missionary labors."

"Alice, can't you say a word in our defence?" asked Miss Lamar, peeping over the arm of the sofa with her glowing face.

"Alice has some conscience," said Mrs. Stuart, shortly. "I should like to hear her say a word in her defence when she remembers what I overheard in the conservatory this morning. That poor Colonel Fairfax!—Well, if men will be fools, I suppose women have a right to amuse themselves with their folly—only take care, my dears, that amusement does not run into harm."

"How could it?" asked both girls, a little curiously.

"I'll tell you how," answered Mrs. Stuart, briefly.

Then she braced her shoulders back like a veteran general, gave her needles a click together, and began her story.

"Thirty years ago, my dears, I was young and handsome. The latter fact seems a little strange to you, no doubt; but it was a fact, nevertheless, and I can speak of it now without vanity. I was a good deal admired, too, for besides being young and handsome, I was an heiress—and wealth will bring a woman admirers quite independently of her looks, as you are all, no doubt, aware. My father was a widower, and very fond of me, as I was his only child; so I did pretty much what I pleased, and, as it chanced, I 'pleased' to flirt a great deal. I liked admiration just as you like it now, my dears, and I was quite as fond of leading my admirers into absurdities, and then laughing at them as they stumbled out, as you seem to be. I firmly believed that men were the legitimate prey of pretty women, and I felt no more compassion for them than a cat may be supposed to feel for the mouse she torments. People—kind, good-natured people—called me 'a heartless coquette,' and a few of my relations and friends even went so far as to remonstrate with me on my conduct; but I put their remonstrances scornful-

ly aside, laughed, went my way, and played my fascinating game over and over again—each time with fresh zest. Yet I should do myself injustice if I allowed you to think that I was in truth entirely heartless, for there was one person with whom I never flirted, whom I sincerely loved, and honestly meant to marry—after I had finished amusing myself. This was my cousin, Harry Wilmot. I had known him all my life, and loved him all my life; and, although he often expostulated with me about my coquetry, I bore with him in quite an exemplary manner—at least I thought so then. Now I think that it was *he* who bore with *me*, and that very patiently. I was engaged to him in a sort of tacit fashion that had never been publicly acknowledged, and did not bind me in the least. Nothing had ever been said about marriage, yet I certainly meant to marry him, and I am sure that nobody ever was more devoted to another than he—poor fellow!—was to me.

"Well, things had been going on in this way for some time, and Harry had to find what consolation he could in the number of my admirers, when a new family moved into our neighborhood, and, being people of evident wealth and culture, were received with open arms—more especially since they proved to be hospitable and charming in extreme measure. Their house was always open, and one elegant entertainment was scarcely over before another was on the *tapis*. This fact alone insured their popularity. The neighborhood, having been very stagnant before this new life flowed into it, was by no means disposed to be severely critical with regard to the pleasant sources of this life. One and all, we adopted the Claverings, and the Claverings in turn amused us. We had never been amused before, and our gratitude was extreme. The Claverings, *en masse*, soon became the county toast. I say *en masse*, yet the family was in truth rather small, consisting only of its respective heads, two handsome daughters, and (as report soon told us) a son absent in Europe. The eldest of these daughters, Isabel Clavering, was soon my intimate friend, as young ladies reckon friendship, and, as she was even more giddy and reckless than I, she speedily led me into more mischief than I had previously found for myself. Soon sober people began to be scandalized at our proceedings. In fact, they were what in these days would be called 'outrageously fast.' My dear, good father, in whose partial eyes I could do no wrong, said little or nothing; but Harry decidedly disapproved of Miss Clavering, and unhesitatingly signified as much. Our first serious disagreement was on this score. He begged me to give up a friend, who did me only injury, and I indignantly refused. She was my friend, I replied, in that spirited manner which young ladies so much admire, and I should not resign her, let people say or do their worst. Harry urged the point no further, but from that day a barrier of coldness rose between us.

"Of course, you can all guess what came next. The son and heir of the Clavering house—Edward was his name—came back from Europe, bringing a friend with him, and Woodlawn (the name of the Clavering villa) became more than ever the headquarters of

gayety and dissipation. I profited in an especial manner by this, for the grounds of our respective residences immediately adjoined, and, when our friendship grew so warm that we were obliged to see each other every day, we found that a short cut through the shrubberies was pleasanter and more convenient than a long ride or drive round by the road, so a gate was cut in the wall dividing our domain, and of this gate each household kept a key. These keys were in frequent demand, for matters had now reached such a pass that, whenever I was not with the Claverings, some one or other of the Claverings was with me.

"As you may readily imagine, the two young men made the already attractive house ten times more attractive. They were both handsome, and both singularly fascinating—especially Edward Clavering, whose face I see as clearly now as I ever saw it in reality thirty years ago. It was a face of the type which I have always liked best—regular features, pale complexion, silken-brown hair, beautiful, soft, violet eyes, and the most perfect mouth I ever saw out of marble. In figure he was slight and graceful, with exquisite hands and feet. His friend—Ridgeley, by name—was also exceedingly handsome, and second only to Clavering himself in versatile talents and accomplishments, while they were both full of that *je ne sais quoi* of travelled nature which is so peculiarly attractive to untravelled natures. "Don't think" (here Mrs. Stuart glanced round the listening trio, and shook her head very sternly) "that I am painting them in these bright colors to excuse the story which is to follow. Not a bit of it. If I met two such chevaliers now, I should be able to tell that there was something a little *bizarre*—a slight flavor, as it were, of Bohemianism—in their style, which might jar on conventional ideas, and plant a vague distrust in the conventional mind. But at that time I was in the full noonday of the sublime scorn of conventionalities, with which every clever young person begins the world; so the freshness which these strangers brought into my life was all the more acceptable because it had just that slight flavor of Bohemia.

"Perhaps" (smiling a little) "you have some curiosity to know which of the two I flirted with. For the matter of that, I tried my hand on both, though Clavering was the one I liked best. Certainly he was a charming companion, and his flattery—of course, it was flattery, though I did not think so then—might well have turned the head of an older and a wiser woman. To say, in the language of the present day, that he was 'devoted to me,' is to say very little indeed. He tried every art in his power—and those arts were many—to make me fall in love with him. I did not exactly do that, but I liked him thoroughly, and am ashamed to say that I encouraged him to the top of his bent. Harry stood it all with tolerable quietness for a while—I think he wanted to see how far I would go, if left entirely to myself—but after a time even his patience gave way. I remember perfectly the day on which we finally arrived at an open rupture. He came in one morning, and, as usual, found Edward Claver-

ing with me. Instead of paying a short visit, and then taking leave as he usually did, in a case of this kind, he established himself with a book in a corner of the drawing-room, and waited until Clavering was, in a measure, forced to take his departure very much in advance of his ordinary time for doing so. After he had bowed himself out, I, who was much provoked at losing another hour of tender and gallant compliments, vouchsafed not a word to Harry, but went to the piano, and, sitting down, began to play. My cousin read his volume of Bacon's Essays with exemplary patience through half an hour of musical *mélange* remarkable only for its noise, and it was only when I rose at last, and closed the piano with a perceptible bang, that he rose, too, and came forward.

"If you have no other engagement just now, Rachel," he said quietly, "I should like to speak to you."

"I am at your service," said I, "though it seems to me that you might have spoken to me any time within the last two hours."

"Might I?" he said. "Well, it seems to me that you were occupied with Clavering until he left, and that you have been occupied with the piano ever since. However, I was determined to remain until you were at leisure to give me a little of your time, because I want to place a plain alternative before you, and ask you a long-deferred and decisive question."

"With or without my permission, I presume!" said I, with an emphasis which was meant to be very sarcastic.

"Yes," answered he gravely, "with or without your permission—though I scarcely think you will withhold it from me."

"And pray why not?" demanded I, haughtily.

"Because it is to your interest as well as mine that the issue should be met and settled," answered he, looking pale but determined. "Rachel, you must know as well as I that matters cannot go on like this. I have borne a great deal from you, through my great love for you, but I cannot bear to be treated as a toy which you contemptuously fling aside, or more contemptuously take up at your pleasure. I recognize this at last, and I recognize, also, that you must choose between me and these new associates who have estranged you from me."

"Estranged me from you, indeed!" said I, with disdain. "You are mistaken. It is your own senseless jealousy that has estranged us—if we are estranged. We have spoken on this subject before," continued I, loftily, "and I must beg you to understand that now, as heretofore, I decline to submit to dictation in regard to my friends or associates."

"Then," said my cousin, "you force me to place before you the alternative of which I have spoken. I do not think there is any need for me to tell you how truly and how faithfully I have loved you for many years. You know it. Yet the time has come when you must choose between the acquaintances of yesterday and the friend of your youth. Rachel, you must give up the Claverings, or you must give up me. My cousin—my dear

cousin—which will you take? You can no longer have both."

"For a moment this determined attitude of my vassal petrified me; but I had something of a temper, and, if my memory serves me right, I stamped my foot, and blazed out like a tornado at my long-suffering cousin.

"Are you trying to insult me, Mr. Wilmot, that you dare to come and talk to me like this!—that you dare to put such an alternative before me! Am I to give up my friends at the mere bidding of your caprice? Pray, tell me" (with a withering sneer), "what penalty shall I incur if I decline to take advantage of the choice which you are kind enough to offer me?"

"You will send away from you, perhaps forever, a friend who would do any thing to serve you, Rachel. Is that a little?"

"I am young, and pretty, and rich," said I, scornfully. "I shall find plenty of other friends."

"If you think *that*," said he, a little hoarsely, "if you can take such a tone as that to one who has loved you as long and as well as I have done, it is time indeed to go. But, O Rachel, Rachel! have you never loved me—do you not love me—even in the least degree, that you can throw me off like a worn glove?"

"I should like you very well if you would only let me alone," said I, in the tone of one from whom a reluctant concession is wrung. "But you do worry so, Harry, and you have taken such an unaccountable dislike to these delightful Claverings."

"Some day you will be able to account for the dislike easily enough," said he, gloomily. "But it may be too late then. Rachel, for God's sake, be warned!—for God's sake, drop those people! They are not fit associates for you."

"I won't hear another word!" cried I, stopping my ears. "I won't listen while my friends are abused and slandered."

"Rachel," said my cousin, growing momentarily paler and more earnest, "would you like to know the character of the man who has just left you?"

"Not from your lips," answered I, angrily. "I don't trust a word that you say of him."

"He is an unprincipled adventurer," Harry went on, steadily, "he is indeed nothing more nor less than a professional gambler. I can prove this."

"How, pray?"

"By the testimony of people who have seen and known him at other places."

"I don't believe one word of it!" I said, stamping my foot again.

"You accuse me of falsehood, then?"

"No—but I accuse you of listening to his enemies, and of being blinded by jealousy. If it is true, why don't you expose him?"

"Would you give him up if I did?" (this very eagerly).

"Never!" answered I, grandly. "I cling to my friends all the more when they are slandered and persecuted."

"Then you see why I don't expose the scoundrel. Can I have the whole county talking of your flirtation—God knows they might even call it your love-affair!—with a professional gambler, and *chevalier d'industrie*? I

am not thinking of nor pleading for myself, Rachel, when I pray you to break off all connection with such a man.'

"I am not to be dictated to," said I, drawing back the hands which he attempted to take, 'and I positively decline to surrender a pleasant friend because you see fit to make vague accusations against him.'

"I shall see if your father thinks them vague," said he.

"Do!" answered I, scornfully. 'The rôle of tale-bearer suits you so admirably that you must allow me to congratulate you on your new *métier*, and to wish you good-morning!'

"With that I courtesied grandly, and swept out of the room, leaving Harry still standing on the floor. A few minutes later, however, I had the satisfaction of hearing him gallop from the front-door, and I knew that he was gone—never to come back again, as he had done for so many happy years. Was Edward Clavering (whom I had not by any means made up my mind to marry) worth quite such a sacrifice as this? Even with all my ruffled pride to help me, I was not quite able to answer that question in the affirmative.

"I managed, however, to console myself very well with Edward Clavering. In the week which followed Harry's unusual assertion of himself, and consequent departure from the scene of action, I was more than ever at Woodlawn (for he did not fulfil his threat of speaking to papa; partly, as I learned afterward, because he was busy collecting tangible proof of Clavering's antecedents), and my wilful feet went daily nearer and nearer the verge of that fateful precipice of love, down which many women tumble headlong into misery.

"To let you understand exactly how near I was to it, I must tell you that on a certain lovely Indian summer afternoon, when Clavering and I were out riding, he formally addressed me—having seen, no doubt, that he might safely venture to do so. Now, of course I don't need to tell you that it is not every man who knows how to make a declaration, which, of itself, will go half-way toward winning a woman's heart; in fact, the art of doing so is more rare than any other with which I am acquainted. Clavering's proposal was simply perfect—passionate, graceful, chivalrous, all and more than all that the most sensitive fancy could have demanded, or the most sensitive taste sanctioned. If men would only comprehend that a woman's fancy *can* be shocked, and a woman's taste outraged by *gaucherie* on such occasions, I am inclined to think that there might be fewer untoward wooings. Why I did not accept my suitor on the spot, I don't know, unless it was that my cousin's warning had, after all, left an impression on my mind, and inspired me with a vague distrust of this accomplished gentleman, which made me hesitate when it came to the actual point of putting all my future life into his hands. At all events, I *did* hesitate—I paused—wavered—finally asked for time to consider his offer. He yielded very gracefully to this request, and, having listened with tacit favor to his suit, I was pledged to give an early and decisive answer.

"The next day was stormy, and I did not go to Woodlawn—neither did any of the

Claverings come to me. It was a day of such fierce rain and tempest as belongs only to the autumn, and, since I was entirely alone, I did not pass a very cheerful time. My father was at that time a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, but he did legal business for his friends occasionally, and it chanced that he had been summoned, early that morning, to make the will of a dying man—a very intimate associate, who lived a few miles distant. As the day advanced, I saw clearly that he could not return before nightfall—nor after it either, for that matter. The streams intervening between us would be too high for him to cross, I felt sure, and, if the rain continued, he might be water-bounded for several days. I knew he would dislike this exceedingly, for he never left me alone when he could possibly avoid it, and on the present occasion he would be particularly loath to do so, since there chanced at that time to be a deposit of unusual value in the house. Not long before, a very wealthy and eccentric old lady of the neighborhood had died, and left my father executor of a will in which she bequeathed all her property, and especially all her jewels (for, by a singular freak, she had invested to the amount of half her fortune in precious stones), to him, to be held in trust for the heir or heirs of a long-lost (and everybody said long-dead) son. These jewels my father had for some time kept in his own possession, meaning to take them to a city, the first time he went, and lodge them in a bank. You may think that it was very imprudent to have kept jewels to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars in an ordinary country-house for any length of time; but, in those days, and in quiet country regions, robbery was almost wholly unknown, and I have visited many houses where neither the plate-closet nor the jewel-box was considered worth the trouble of a lock. If these jewels had been his own, my father would have felt no anxiety about them; but, because they had been placed in his hands as a trust, he had been a little nervous, and wished to put them in safer keeping than his own. This had been deferred from time to time, however; and now, on this stormy November evening, he was on one side of a swollen stream, and I on the other, with the jewels of old Mrs. Hardie in my sole guardianship.

"I confess, however, that the thought of the jewels did not disquiet me very much. I only thought how lonely and *ennuyée* I was. So I wrote a note, begging Isabel Clavering to come and stay with me, giving the jewels as an excuse why I could not leave the house entirely unprotected. The note was answered, not by Isabel, but by Edward. He had come to bring his sister's regrets—she was quite unwell, and could not venture through the rain; but could not I be prevailed upon to come over and stay with her? This proposal was only too tempting to me, but I could not reconcile it to my conscience to leave the jewels; so I told Edward that I could not go. He urged me to do so—urged me strongly and repeatedly—but I could be very obstinate when I chose, so I resolutely declined; and at last, as night was closing and the storm increasing, he was obliged to leave without me. Reluctantly enough, he bade

me good-evening, and started to leave the room, when suddenly he stopped, turned, and came back to where I sat by the fire.

"Rachel," he said, in a low, passionate voice, 'when am I to have my answer?'

"Now, this question provoked me. I was by no means a lovesick maiden, in whose eyes my lover could do no wrong, but a sensitive, fastidious woman, whose fancy was only too easily repelled by the slightest solecism of taste or chivalry. The circumstances of time and place branded the question as a presumption in my opinion, and I answered it haughtily and indifferently:

"If you choose to wait for my answer, Mr. Clavering, you can have it when I have made up my mind; if not, you can take it now.'

"And suppose I take it now?" said he, a little hoarsely.

"I looked up into his eyes, with a flash, I am sure, in my own. They were steadfast, determined, and anxious to a degree that startled me. His face, too, was pale and set, I thought, as the changeful firelight flickered over it. Still, I was angry—it seemed as if he took advantage of my loneliness to press his point in this manner.

"If you take your answer now," said I, coldly, 'you may not find it very much to your taste. It is, unequivocally, No!'

"Rachel!"

"The tone in which he uttered this exclamation startled me even more than his eyes had done. It was violent; it was almost menacing; and for the first time I realized how late it had become, and how entirely alone I was. I rose to my feet and looked—or endeavored to look—like a tragedy queen.

"Have you forgotten yourself, Mr. Clavering, or have you forgotten who I am, that you venture to address me in such a manner as this?'

"No," answered he, trying evidently to collect himself. 'I remember both perfectly. You have answered my presumption very well, Miss Huntingdon, and I accept your decision. It would be ungentlemanly, I presume, to hint that you may ever regret it. With my best wishes for your future happiness, I have the honor to bid you good-evening.'

"He bowed here, and, without offering to touch my hand, left the room. The next moment I saw him cross the veranda, and take the dripping path which led through the shrubberies to the gate communicating with the Clavering domain, of which I have all ready spoken.

"Then I sat down—I confess a little stunned by this brief and most unexpected scene. What had so suddenly transformed the most gallant and tender of suitors I could not imagine, and my amazement was so great that for a time it certainly subordinated every other feeling. I had no doubt of my own power to lure him back if I wanted him—an important *if* already in my reflections—but what could possibly have changed him so completely in so short a time? Had he only been playing a part, and now, for some unknown reason, had it become worth his while to throw off the mask? Try as I would, I could find no clew to the enigma which satis-

fied me, and at last I started from my thoughts to find the room quite dark, and the fire gone down to a bed of ashes and coals.

"It is not a cheerful thing to be alone in an isolated country-house at six P. M. on a rainy November evening. I shivered, and rang the bell for lights. 'Make up the fire, John,' I said to the servant who brought them, 'and you must sleep in the dining-room to-night. Papa cannot get back, I am sure.' Having given this order, I felt somewhat relieved, for John was large enough and had pluck enough to be a match for any ordinary burglar. Of course, he did not fancy exchanging his usual comfortable quarters for a shake-down in the dining-room, but he said, 'Yes'm,' with a due amount of respect, and then retired, leaving me to face the evening as best I could.

"I faced it very badly. Those anxious eyes of Edward Clavering's gazed at me from every page I attempted to read, and that white, set face of his, seemed to lurk in the shadows that gathered about the corners of the room. I was heartily glad when nine o'clock struck, and I was free to go to bed without feeling ashamed of myself for keeping 'poultry-hours.' I rang for my maid, and astonished her by saying that I would sleep in papa's room, and that she might bring my toilet apparatus down to that apartment, which was on the ground-floor. I must do myself the justice to say that some vaguely-heroic idea of protecting the jewels was in my head, though I scarcely think it would have availed to make me change my domicile, if a very clear and unheroic idea of being protected by John—the dining-room was just across the hall from papa's room—had not aided and abetted it.

"Now you must understand that, in the original plan of the house, papa's room had been meant for a smoking-den, but he preferred a chamber on the ground-floor, and so had chosen this apartment, for which he said there was 'no rational use.' It had two doors, one opening on the hall, the other on a side-piazza, from which a path led stableward. Both of these doors had locks; and the ease with which any ordinary lock gives way at the 'open-sesame' touch of professional fingers was at that time a fact which had never been brought to the realization of the rustic mind. I remember looking round, after I was in bed, and thinking how secure every thing was—the doors safely locked, the shutters closed with springs, and not an avenue of entrance left by which a mouse could profit. I gazed with complacent gratulation at the safe at the farther end of the room—the safe sitting modestly back in a corner, and giving no sign of the golden treasure within it—as I thought how emphatically we were burglar-proof. Nevertheless, seeing the firelight gleam on a dagger of papa's—a pretty, fanciful, Albanian trifle, which he had picked up in some of his Eastern rambles—I thought I might as well put it within convenient reach, so springing out of bed, I ran across the floor, and took it down from its place over the mantel. I remember distinctly how I felt its cold, keen edge as I went back; then slipping it under my pillow, I extinguished the light and dropped comfortably into sleep.

"I do not know how long I slept, but I think it was about midnight when I waked suddenly with a strange sense of terror, a blind instinct of danger, which made the blood settle like ice around my heart. My senses did not, as is usually the case, struggle in the dim border-land between sleep and waking, but I was roused to perfect consciousness in an instant—consciousness as complete and clear as that which I enjoy at this moment. As well as I can recollect, my first physical impression was of a strange heaviness, together with a subtle odor which I knew perfectly, yet could not identify. When I lifted a little the lids which seemed held down by some indefinable weight, I saw that a light was in the chamber, and that a man, wearing a black mask, held a bottle of chloroform to my nostrils, while another, also masked, knelt before the safe at the farther end of the room.

"You wonder, perhaps, that I did not faint, realizing my utter helplessness. I have sometimes wondered myself; but the truth is, that we rarely give way under pressure of great emergencies. On the contrary, I think we hardly know our own capabilities until we have been tried in some such manner. I closed my eyes after that one glance, and lay perfectly motionless, feeling instinctively that to feign unconsciousness was the only resource, the only hope in such peril as this. There was nothing to be done. To move, to attempt to cry aloud, was to seal my death-warrant, for the same hand which was holding the chloroform to my nostril could have been on my throat before more than a gurgle had been uttered. I did not move a muscle, therefore; I even regulated my breathing to simulate the soft uniformity of slumber. You think you could not have done as much?" (A murmur had risen from the audience here.) "Take my word for it, the most timid woman here would have done just as I did. You see there was no alternative. Death hung over me on a hair, and in mortal peril it is said that even cowards are brave. With all my acting, my heart beat so madly that I feared it would betray me, and there are no words to tell what agonizing thoughts were meanwhile surging in my brain. I knew that with every breath I inhaled the powerful anesthetic, and the terror of unconsciousness grew momentarily greater. What could I do? O God! what could I do? I remember thinking little besides this while I lay motionless.

"I lived an age of horror in the few minutes that elapsed after my waking, until the voice of the burglar who was forcing the safe said something—so low and muffled that I did not catch it—which summoned his companion to him. I felt that the latter hesitated a moment and looked at me. Then, as I supposed, concluding that I was 'safe,' he withdrew the bottle; the next instant a handkerchief, saturated in the chloroform, was laid across my mouth and nose—after which, with light, stealthy steps, he moved away.

"I heard it all, with senses sharpened to tenfold their usual acuteness; and, when he was once safely gone, I moved the handkerchief slightly—just enough to allow me a little pure air, instead of the stifling fumes of the

chloroform—and then I asked myself, wildly and desperately, if there was nothing I could do—if bitter necessity compelled me to lie there and watch this daring robbery without lifting a hand to protect the property intrusted to my father's honor. You will say that such a question, in my position, was utter madness, and so it would have seemed to me at any other time. But at *that* moment I forgot my weakness, my utter helplessness, in the burning sense of outrage which came over me as strongly as if I had been a very Samson. Watching the two burglars from under my eyelids, I saw the door of the safe (which was, in truth, little more than a strong box) yield to their efforts, and swing back. Was there nothing I could do, I asked myself again, in utter despair—and, as I asked it, I thought of the dagger under my pillow!

"I say that I thought of it, but I need scarcely add that an instant's consideration told me that no possible weapon could make me a match for two men, even if desperation lent me courage enough to face them. Still I put up my hand very softly, and drew the dagger from under my pillow—there being something singularly reassuring in the cold steel of its blade. It astonishes me yet to remember how cool I was all this time—so cool that I was sure my hand would not tremble if the safety of my life *should* depend upon one stroke of the poniard which I grasped as my only friend and refuge. I was naturally anxious to avoid any such unequal contest—both for my own sake, and that of the men whom I could not help remembering *were* men, with souls to be sent into eternity. I was, however, determined to save the jewels if possible; and, strange as it may seem, a plan of escape at last suggested itself to me—a reckless plan enough, as you may judge. As I have said, the safe was at the other end of the room from the bed, and the two burglars, in stooping over it, had turned their backs on me. The door leading into the hall was midway between the two ends of the room. If I could once reach it unobserved, I could escape and give the alarm.

"It was a forlorn hope, but I determined to try it. Perhaps I should not have ventured to do so if I had not been certain of at least one ally the moment I opened the door. This was a large mastiff, named Caesar. He was a great favorite with papa, and always slept on a mat in the hall. His instinct told him that something was wrong, and for some time past I had heard him scratching and whining at the door. Once aroused, I knew that no bulldog could surpass him for strength, no blood-hound for ferocity, and so—if the worst came to the worst after the door was opened—I knew that Caesar was certainly good for one burglar, and perhaps—if God gave me quickness and strength when both were needed—I and my dagger might be good for another.

"Chance, and the absorbed preoccupation of the two men, favored me. One short prayer—how fervent you can never tell unless you are placed in some such strait—and, stepping out of bed with the dagger in my hand, I took the first steps, in my bare feet, on the thickly-carpeted floor. They did not notice me. All around them were gleaming masses of plate and jewelry. I crossed the floor

swiftly, noiselessly, and with perfect safety. But, when my hand touched the lock of the door, it gave a sharp click, which made them both start and turn. A single glance was enough. With an oath I shall never forget, one of them strode toward me.

"Don't expect me to describe the scene that followed—I could not, if my life depended on it. I only know that, before I could unfasten the door, I was in the grasp of a man, whose hands might have been made of iron from the manner in which they caught me, and the manner in which I felt them in every fibre. The vast majority of women (in our class of life) go to their graves without ever having had cause to realize the brute dominion of man—when he chooses to use the strength given him by his Maker—over the frail *physique* of woman. In those days I was young, healthy, well developed, and somewhat vain of my strength; yet I was like a reed in that man's hands. Not even despair and loathing horror could give me energy enough to free myself from a grasp which felt as if it might crush every bone in my body. Half suffocated as I was, I had power, however, to raise my voice and give one cry—the utterance of mortal extremity and terror. In a second a hand was over my mouth, and another at my throat. 'Try that again, and you are a dead woman in two minutes!' the burglar hissed in my ear. The close grip on my throat rendered this more than a threat, and an instinct—the instinct that causes even the weakest to fight for life—made me lift the hand which was now free, and plunge the dagger (which he had been on the point of wresting from me when I screamed) up to the hilt in his body!

"He dropped his hands from my throat, and, with one deep groan, staggered back. As he did so, I turned, and, with wildly-excited fingers, tore open the door. Then, with a deep, menacing growl, such as I never heard before, and hope never to hear again, Caesar rushed past me. I heard cries—oaths—the sound of fierce struggling—the deep bass mutter of the dog—as I fled from the room, but I dared not pause, and bursting into the dining-room, I faced John, whom my scream and the noise of the dog had at last aroused.

"In a few minutes the only other man of the establishment—the gardener—was awakened; and, armed with any available weapons that came to hand, the two men entered the now ominously silent room. Despite their entreaties, I followed them, and—shall I ever forget the scene which greeted me! There was the open safe, with a lantern on the floor beside it, the light flashing back from all the shining plate and dazzling jewels, which covered the carpet. Near the door—within five paces of where I had stood—lay the burglar who had caught me; and near the safe—with Caesar crouching on his chest—was the other. The two servants went at once to draw off the dog, and while they did this, I bent to see if the man near me were dead or only wounded. I found that he was still living, though he had evidently tried to rise, and fainted from pain or loss of blood. Anxious to give him air sufficient for recovery, I lifted the crape mask from his face, and, as God sees and hears me,

this midnight robber—this thief whom I had stabbed as an outlaw, in self-defence—proved to be no other than Edward Clavering, my father's constant guest, my own devoted lover!

"I knelt over him as if I had been turned to stone—striving vainly to realize the hideous horror of the discovery—when a stifled cry from John fell on my ear.

"'Good God!' I heard him exclaim. 'Sandy, here's Mr. Ridgeley—and *he's stone dead!*'"

"They say that after this I uttered a cry—the second which had passed my lips—and fell back into a deep swoon. I only know that those words are the last I remember of that hideous night."

There was silence with the quartet for some time after Mrs. Stuart reached this tragic climax of her story; but, to make it satisfactorily complete, there was more yet to be told; and, after waiting as long as was possible, Miss Palmer at last hazarded a question.

"Was he quite dead, Mrs. Stuart?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stuart, speaking with great effort. "Caesar had done his work well. The wretched man never breathed after those strong teeth were once fastened in his throat. Edward Clavering, however, recovered, and, although I never saw him afterward, papa told me that he had confessed everything with regard to himself and his motives. The whole family were adventurers, and he was—was Harry had declared—a professional gambler and *chevalier d'industrie*. Fortune had for some time been at a very low ebb with him, and to marry me was his last hope of retrieving his affairs. One or two people who knew his character had, however, chanced to come into the neighborhood of the county, and he was aware that exposure might overtake him any day or hour. Under these circumstances he grew desperate; and, knowing that there was very little hope of my father's consenting to the marriage (even if I should accept his proposal), he determined upon the bold stroke of 'securing' Mrs. Hardie's jewels. The plan had presented itself to him when he heard of my father's absence, and it was to facilitate the matter that he had urged me so strongly to leave the house. It was also on this account that he had brought matters to a decided issue with regard to his suit. He had always distrusted the marks of favor which I accorded to him; for my reputation as a coquette was wide-spread, and he had no idea of giving up a certain good (the jewels) for the uncertain good of being played with a little longer by an accomplished flirt. Still, if I had not been so decided—if I had given him any hope of my eventually saying 'Yes'—everything might have been different. The unfortunate Ridgeley would not have been led to his death, and the exposure when it came would not have been so open and so terrible. One thing, however, is certain: his purpose would have been safely achieved—the jewels would have been lost, and my father's fortune, if not credit, seriously impaired, but for my whim of sleeping down-stairs. I alone had the credit of preventing the robbery, and it was not until I waked from my long and death-like swoon

that I found at how much cost to myself this credit had been gained. I was ill—I remained ill for weeks—and this hand" (she held up the one across the white surface of which the long, red scar was traced) "had been laid open to the bone by the keen edge of the dagger to which I clung in that short, close struggle.

"Was I cured of flirting? I think I may safely say that I was; but I never married Harry Wilmot, though we were good friends and cousins to the day of his death. In this respect, at least, you see, the whole course of my life was changed by the story I have told you."

The steady voice of the narrator sank into silence, the bright blaze of the fire had died down to a soft glow which did little more than reveal faint outlines of the four ladies grouped around it, and, as the gloom of twilight deepened into night, the large room looked almost eerie enough for a ghost-scene. The tragic narrative to which they had just listened had sobered the audience exceedingly, and no voice broke the stillness until there came sounds—footsteps and voices on the stair—which told that the gentlemen were coming up. Then there was something of a commotion. Mrs. Dulaney rang for lights, Miss Palmer's pretty feet resumed their proper place on the floor, Miss Lamar rose from her lowly seat, and sank into a deep chair somewhat outside the circle and in the shade. Here a tall, handsome gentleman found her when he glanced round eagerly for his "nut-brown mayde."

"Why are you looking so pensive?" he asked, leaning over the back of her chair. "Have you been frightening each other with ghost-stories here in the dark?"

She threw her head back and looked up at him with her liquid-brown eyes. Wretched little sinner that she was, she knew only too well how these same eyes were treacherous lakes into the depths of which men's hearts tumbled unawares and were heard of no more.

"Ghost-stories?" she repeated. "No, indeed! We have had something much more thrilling than a ghost-story, because it was true—a story of robbery, and danger, and courage, and death! With a moral, too!"

"Indeed! And may I ask what the moral was?—to get patent locks, and keep fire-arms by your bed?"

"No. The moral was less commonplace—at least in connection with robbery. It was highly edifying, I assure you, for it was this—beware of flirtation!"

He elevated his eyebrows and laughed.

"Is it possible? I think I shall beg for the story, for I cannot imagine two more incongruous ideas than burglary and flirtation. And are we to have a feminine Saul among the prophets—do you mean to swear off from your favorite amusement?"

"Swear off! As if I ever flirted! or, as if my poor shots could hurt anybody if I did!"

"Don't lay that 'flattering unction to your soul,'" said he, in a whisper. "Your shots have crippled one bird for life, and Heaven only knows what you mean to do with him."

"Put him in my game-bag, of course," she answered, with a wicked glance.

LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR,
THREE TO ONE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

BUT while we have been making our readers partakers of this diet of worms, all the party at High Beech have, sooner or later, betaken themselves to their dressing. Now, if this were the "Whole Duty of Women," or a "Book of Fashion," we would go round to every bedroom and dressing-room and see the ladies dress, as one used to look at the fillies making their toilet in the Oaks, in the Pad-dock at Epsom, or before the One Thousand in the Birdcage at Newmarket. But we have many things to talk of besides dress, and so had the ladies at High Beech. Of course, they all made themselves as smart as they could; for was not this to be a grand dinner, and was not Lady Pennyroyal coming, and Lord Pennyroyal, who were both well known to be such good judges of dress? Even Mr. Marjoram said to Mrs. Marjoram, through the key-hole of his dressing-room:

"I hope, my dear, you will make yourself as smart as you can, if it is only to please my cousin."

It was the only drop of the black poison of pride which a long course of Mrs. Marjoram had left in poor Mr. Marjoram's heart—his cousinship with Lord Pennyroyal. When he looked in the *Court Guide* and saw Earl of Pennyroyal, Belgrave Square; Farthinghoe Castle, Surrey; and Rosemary Manor, Notts; and then, in italics, *Marjoram*, denoting the family name, Mr. Marjoram's heart swelled, as it is the nature of all poisons to make thews and muscles swell, to think that, if several people had not come between him and the title, he too might have succeeded to the earldom of Pennyroyal. It was one of Mrs. Marjoram's surest means of annoying her husband, to declare that at heart she was a democrat. All true Christians, she asserted, were democrats, and in proof she had only to point out the fact that "the Divine Founder of our religion, whom it is irreverent even to name"—though she had no scruple to point him out perpetually on the slightest pretext—"came to the poor and needy, and not to the great people of the earth." But in her heart Mrs. Marjoram was much more proud of the connection than Mr. Marjoram; but Mrs. Marjoram was one of those women whose desire and design in life was never to let her husband believe that they had two opinions in common. She preferred to have her opinions all to herself, and she had that insane love of secrecy, or private judgment, or whatever name there might be for the odious habit, to such an extent that, if it were possible, she would not have allowed one side of her own heart to know what the other was thinking of, if she could have helped it, only, luckily, she couldn't.

When, therefore, Mr. Marjoram said these words through the key-hole, though Mrs. Marjoram was quite resolved in her mind that her attire should be effective, in proof of which she had already got out her amber satin and her toque with a bird of paradise perched upon it, together with at least twenty

thousand pounds' worth of imitation diamonds from Paris, which, though they "defied detection by judges of stones," were somehow or other never believed in by any of the ladies whom Mrs. Marjoram was in the habit of meeting out at dinner in the neighborhood of Great Cumberland Place—when, we say, Mrs. Marjoram replied to her husband through the same aperture, all the answer that reached his expectant ear—for he now stood with that organ at the key-hole—was this:

"I'm sure I sha'n't!"

Brevity is the soul of wit, it is well known; but, when Mrs. Marjoram took to this kind of witty observation, Mr. Marjoram knew there was no use saying any thing, as the lawyers say, in mitigation of damages; for he felt, the longer the altercation was prolonged, the more damaging it was likely to be for him. He said nothing, therefore, and thereby greatly vexed Mrs. Marjoram, who expected to be contradicted; and, let me tell you, when a woman has made up her mind to be contradicted, she expects you to do it.

She had remained, therefore, stooping down in the same attitude on her side of the door, with her ear to the key-hole, in a position most congenial to suspicious characters; so much so that, if Suspicion were to be painted, she—for it is a female virtue—ought to be made listening at a key-hole, and stooping down to do so more comfortably. So Mrs. Marjoram stooped and listened; but, when no answer came, she was not to be put off in that way, and repeated:

"What I said was, I'm sure I sha'n't."

But by this time Mr. Marjoram had retired to the washing-stand, and was deep in thought of his cousin, Earl Pennyroyal; all that he caught, therefore, of Mrs. Marjoram's words was a sort of hoarse whisper, which might mean any thing; but, as it was as much as his life was worth not to answer Mrs. Marjoram when she had spoken twice, he went back to the key-hole, and called out:

"Very well, my dear, all right; no doubt, you will look charming!"

In a moment Mrs. Marjoram was back at the key-hole, watching her husband's words as eagerly as a boy at a rat-hole, into which a ferret has been put. No gun ever went off more loudly or suddenly than Mrs. Marjoram when she bawled through the key-hole:

"What I said was, I'm sure I sha'n't; and, as for charming, my charming days are long since over."

That was a good deal to splutter in a rage through a key-hole; but Mrs. Marjoram was equal to the occasion, and not only said it, but her husband heard it.

"I hear you, my dear," said the Job or Socrates of the nineteenth century; and, having said that, he again took the soap between his fingers, and began to think of Lord Pennyroyal.

"Jerry dear," said Mrs. Barker—they, of course, had gone up among the first to get off their wet things, and, when up, did not reappear till dinner-time—"Jerry dear, now that we are dry and comfortable again, shall I wear my brocade silk and the emerald brooch?"

"Of course, my dear," said Colonel Barker. "But do you really feel as if you had not taken cold?"

"Never fear, Jerry; I sha'n't catch cold. No woman ever caught cold in doing what the husband she loves desires. Do you know, Jerry, I would not have stood under that tree, like the rest of them, when you were walking out in the rain, not if it poured ever so?"

"I say now, as I said then," said Colonel Barker, "better be wet than run the risk of being killed. Besides, we're not sugar or salt—we sha'n't melt in the rain."

"Of course, you were right," said Mrs. Barker. "You are always right. And now I think we had better dress for dinner; so be off into your dressing-room."

Into the dressing-room, therefore, the gallant colonel retired; and the loving pair dressed for dinner as though coughs and colds and rheumatism and lumbago were things which it has never entered into man's mind to conceive, much less to suffer.

"Florry dear," said Alice, "I am so happy! Are you?"

"Yes, dear," said Florry; "at least, I'm better than I was. I feel more as if I were having my own way."

"That's bad for one, you know, Florry."

"Not at all. Too much of a good thing is bad; but no one can say that I have as yet had too much of such a good thing as having my own way."

"What was all that about—every man living has his price—that the gypsy said? I thought Harry looked rather put out."

"Oh!" said Florry, "that was all because of Lady Sweetapple. It was she, and not the gypsy, who put Harry out. As to every man having his price, of course every man has. I'm sure, if I were to fix Harry's price, I should put it very high."

"Yes," said Alice, with a blush, "about as high as I should put Edward's."

"We sha'n't quarrel about that," said Florry. "If you like, we'll put them both up for auction, and you shall bid for Edward and I for Harry, and see how high we can run up their price."

"That would be nice," said Alice; "and when it was over we could buy them both in, for I am sure we should neither of us like to part with them."

So they babbled on till it was time for Palmer to come and do their hair and put the last touches to their toilet, and then they both ran down the staircase as though it was not as slippery as ice, and as though there were no slips between cup and lip in this weary world.

"La, my lady!" said Mrs. Crump to her mistress as soon as they met, "here have that Frenchman been a-doing the same thing over again, taking what he calls interest for what he has already had. But it's not that I'm going to tell your ladyship. Things like them are all in the day's work, and must be borne with patience, as Mrs. Calvesfoot—that's the housekeeper, my lady—was a-saying not two minutes ago."

"But what have you got to say, Crump? I don't care to hear any thing more about the Frenchman. Keep him at arm's-length, I

tell you, and don't let him get at your savings."

"Yes, my lady, it's nothing about the Frenchman. It's something more."

"Is it any thing about that young lady?" said Amicia, violently; "if it is, I should like to hear a great deal about the Frenchman. That is to say, if he has anything to tell."

"Yes, it is about the young lady, but it's not the Frenchman. He is as mum as a mouse, my lady. This time it's Mr. Podager."

"And what has Mr. Podager got to say about it?"

"Well, my lady, as soon as you was all gone out, Mrs. Calvesfoot and Mr. Podager invited all us visitors to what they called a collation in the housekeeper's room. We had every thing of the best, and as Mr. Podager says, 'servants work hard for their wages, and deserves often more than they gets.' So we had a collation—cake, and wine, and jams, and jellies, and ice, and sherry wine, and port wine, and claret, only I can't abide it; and at last we had our tea at the end of the collation-like, and then Mr. Podager, who is as nice and pleasant a gentleman as I ever met, says to me:

"'Lady Sweetapple,' says he, 'what shall we do to amuse ourselves?'"

"'La!' says I, 'Mr. Podager, how should I know?'"

"So one said one thing, and one another. The Frenchman asked me to play dominoes, and to have a glass of *o sacray*, but I hates sugar-and-water, and so I would have none of that, when I heard that was the English for *o sacray*; and as for his dominoes, I'm not going to let them domineer over me again with his dominoes, if I know it, so I said I wouldn't, point-blank.

"Mrs. Calvesfoot she said she thought one of the best amusements was to take a good rest, and sleep before the labors of the evening came on; but the younger ones—that's me, my lady, and the Frenchman, and the count's young gentleman—a very civil-spoken gentleman, only he's a German, and can scarce say anything in English but yes and no—we was all against going to sleep. We wanted something livelier-like. At last I says, 'Mr. Podager,' says I, 'haven't you got any amusing books?'"

"'No, I haven't,' says he; 'if you want amusing books you must go up-stairs. There's no amusement either in books or out of books down here. We try to keep up our spirits by eating and drinking all we can, and when we've done eating and drinking, and slaving and a-working from morning to night, we goes to bed and to sleep. But we never reads amusing books down here, unless it's a *Court Guide*, or the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, or something that's useful in finding out addresses and getting situations for us poor servants.'

"'Ere, my lady, Mr. Beeswing—that's the Frenchman, you know—calls out, 'Mr. Podager, sir.'

"And when Mr. Podager stopped short, as he was bound to do, not to seem rude, Mr. Beeswing goes on:

"'Mr. Podager, sir, cut it short; you're making as long a speech as the Speaker of the 'Ouse of Communes.'

"'I sha'n't cut it short,' says Mr. Podager, 'and don't show your ignorance, Beeswing,' says he; 'which is inexcusable in a forriner. The Speaker of the House of Commons—not Communes, Beeswing—never speaks. He is called Speaker because he never speaks.'

"'That's a lie; I have heard him speak,' says the Frenchman.

"'Where?' asks Mr. Podager, quite dignified-like, as a man ought to be, my lady, when the lie is given him in his teeth.

"'Down in the country, out shooting,' says the Frenchman.

"'That only shows your ignorance again, Beeswing,' says Mr. Podager; 'of course the Speaker speaks out of Parliament, but you accused him of speaking in the 'Ouse, which he seldom or ever does, and that's where you're wrong. But,' says Mr. Podager, 'if, Beeswing, you can't keep up this here discussion without giving me the lie while I am the 'ead of this family, why the sooner we change the subject the better.'

"To tell the truth, my lady, we ladies was all getting frightened, and so we was very glad when Mr. Podager said he had thought of something as might amuse us. So he rose and went out and brought in the letter-box, and unlocks it, and throws all the letters out on the table, and says:

"'Here's a scramble. All of you, catch one, and see who wrote it and who it's written to.'

"So we all scrambled, my lady, and one got Lady Carlton's letter to her sister; and another, Miss Alice's letter to Miss Challinor; and another, Count Pantouffles's to his excellency Some-one-or-other up in town; Mr. Podager, he got your ladyship's letter to Madame Devey, Limited, about your new dress, to be made and sent down in eight hours, and he did crush it up in his big gouty hands."

"And what did you get?" asked Lady Sweetapple, getting rather weary of Mrs. Crump's volubility. "I don't see what all this has to do with that young lady."

"Just wait a bit, my lady," said Mrs. Crump, "and you will soon see. Whose letter do you think I got?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Lady Sweetapple.

"Can't you guess, my lady?" said Mrs. Crump.

"No, I can't."

"Well, then, it was Mr. Fortescue's letter, and written on it was, 'Miss Edith Price, No. — Lupus Street, London, S. W.'"

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said Amicia, coldly, who for very good reasons did not wish to let Mrs. Crump know that she had seen the letter.

"Quite enough, my lady," said Mrs. Crump, "that Miss Edith Price is not made up by that Frenchman out of his own head, but there she is in Lupus Street, and Mr. Fortescue writes to her. But I've something more to tell, my lady, only perhaps you would not care to hear it."

"Let me hear it," said Amicia.

"Well, my lady, you see we was all hot at it, scrambling for the letters, when Mr. Podager threw them on the table, and the end was—my nails is very long, my lady—as I snatched at Miss Price's letter, I tore it open,

and there it was on the table, out of the envelope."

"Did you read it?" asked Amicia.

"Oh, my lady, how can you ask such a question? I think I know myself too well not to read another lady's letters, which it may be, after all, is in no better position than myself. Honor is honor, all the world over."

"Well, what did you do with it?"

"First, my lady, we held a council of war, as Mr. Podager called it, over the letter, what we was to do with it. 'Put it back into the envelope,' says one; but that was no use, the cover was torn to bits. The Frenchman said it looked as if a cat had scratched it—that's me, my lady; I'll scratch him if he comes near me again. The under-butler said, put it into a new cover and he would direct it. 'Since when is your handwriting like Mr. Fortescue's?' said Mr. Podager. 'Now listen, if that letter goes, either in the old cover or a new one, we shall be found out, and we shall suffer for this harmless little game, which Lady Sweetapple have entered into with so much sperrit. There's only one thing to be done with that letter, and that is to burn it, and then if it doesn't come to hand, they'll say it was all the fault of the postman.'"

"And who is to burn it?" said I; for I still held the letter.

"She that holds it, and that's you, Lady Sweetapple," says Mr. Podager. And so, my lady, the end of it was, that I burned it in the back kitchen; and so Miss Edith Price will never get that letter."

"And didn't you read just one little line of it?" said Amicia, in her softest voice, when Mrs. Crump had finished this long story.

"I have eyes, my lady," said Mrs. Crump; "and what my eyes fall on I can't help reading, if I tried ever so. And so I did just see that the letter began, 'My dear Edith,' and ended 'Yours affectionately, Harry Fortescue.' That was all I saw, my lady, upon my word. I saw, too, there was a check in it."

"You saw quite enough, Crump," said Lady Sweetapple; "all I want to know, in short; and now dress me for dinner, it is getting very late."

And so the dressing went on; and all the while that she was under the cunning hands of Mrs. Crump, Lady Sweetapple wondered what there was in that letter besides "Dear Edith," and the check, and "Yours affectionately;" and also if she would have behaved as honorably as her maid, and burned the letter unread when it was lying open before her.

"But then she had not the same reason for reading it," said Amicia, as she went down in a blaze of beauty, and dress, and jewels, to the drawing-room; "that makes all the difference."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GIUSEPPE VERDI.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE well-known composer, whose name heads this article, was born October 9, 1814, not at Busseto, as is generally supposed, but at a small settlement called Le Roncole,

distance about three miles from that place. His parents were of the very poorest class, literally hewers of wood and drawers of water, earning their bread by the sweat of the brow. His earliest recollections are associated with the little village-church, where it was with the greatest delight that he listened on Sundays to the playing of the small organ which it contained. The little Giuseppe, when about eight years of age, was urged by his love of music to ask his father to procure him suitable instruction in the divine art; this request was granted, and a spinet having been purchased with a small sum of money out of the slender purse, he entered upon his studies under the direction of one Provesi, a teacher in Busseto, devoting to them all the time he could spare from the village-school, which he was then attending, and, with an ever-increasing interest, making rapid progress. An event which occurred about this time was destined to exercise a great and lasting influence over his future career. Passing one day a large, fine house in Busseto, he heard from within the sound of a piano-forte, skillfully played. From that time he haunted the place, standing for hours near the house, listening eagerly and attentively, for fear of losing some of the precious sounds, and wholly oblivious to what was going on around him. The owner and occupant of the premises was a rich merchant named Antonio Barezzi, a man of fine character and cultivated tastes, and, withal, a great lover of music; and his daughter was the pianist from whose playing the young Verdi derived so much pleasure. Signor Barezzi having frequently noticed the lad standing, as one rapt in a dream, planted in front of his house, at length accosted him pleasantly one day, asking why he came there so often and stayed so long apparently doing nothing.

"I play the piano a little," said the boy, "and I like to come here and listen to the fine playing in your house."

"Oh! if that is the case, come in with me, that you may enjoy it more at your ease, and hereafter you are welcome to do so whenever you feel inclined."

Overjoyed, he accepted, with many thanks, the kind invitation, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into intimacy, Barezzi regarding his young *protégé* with fatherly affection, while the latter, in turn, greatly loved and respected his worthy friend. Devoting himself untiringly to study, Verdi outgrew his boyhood, and passed the first few years of his youth in the quiet of that humble country home, in the midst of those beauties of Nature which, although they claim admiration from all, are yet revealed in their full grandeur only to a few refined and elevated minds. By him, indeed, were those beauties appreciated, and gentle and kindly was to be their influence in his after-life. At his seventeenth year, he had acquired as good a knowledge of music as could be obtained in such a place as Busseto, and he was anxious to go to Milan to continue his studies. But the poverty of his father precluded all possibility of the necessary funds coming from that quarter; nothing daunted, however, he sought assistance elsewhere. There existed at Busseto an institution called the Monte di Pietà, which offered yearly, to each of four poor young men, the

sum of twenty-five lire a month, in order to enable them to complete their education; and Verdi, making application, was one of the four whose good fortune it was to enjoy the benefit of that fund.

The allowance thus obtained, with some addition from Barezzi, enabled the young musician to carry out his plan of going to Milan, carrying with him some of his youthful compositions. Having arrived at his destination, he presented himself at the conservatory for examination. He was made to play upon the piano, his compositions were examined, and he was then informed that he could not be admitted, being considered, on the whole, as incapable of becoming a musician! Such was the thunder-bolt that fell upon him at this very outset of his career, and would have discouraged a determination less strong than his. But to him it was a challenge which he felt bound to accept; and, having informed Barezzi of the state of the case, the latter encouraged him to continue his studies. This he determined to do under the direction of a private teacher, and for three years he applied himself with relentless energy, during that time occupying a very small, cheerless room, spending the least possible for food and clothing, and happy if he had occasionally a spare lira that he might attend the opera. At the end of this period, the post of organist at the collegiate church of Busseto having become vacant, he was urged by Barezzi to return and take the situation; this he accordingly did, and was soon after married to the daughter of the benefactor to whom he already owed so much.

He now applied himself to the study of his art with great diligence, and began an opera, which was completed early in 1839. With this composition Verdi went again to Milan, and was successful in making arrangements for its production at La Scala, the famous opera-house. During the autumn of that same year, the opera, entitled "L'Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," was presented; it excited, however, but little comment, and was soon forgotten. Merelli, *impresario* of the opera-house at that time, was nevertheless conscious that the work showed genius, and a contract was concluded between him and Verdi, by which the composer was to furnish three operas, one of which, an *opera buffa*, was to be ready by the autumn of the following year. But that year of 1840 was to bring with it innumerable troubles. The promised opera was taken in hand early in April, but was hardly begun when the composer was attacked with a severe illness. While recovering from this, his two children were taken sick and died soon afterward. The young mother, deeply afflicted by this loss, was suddenly seized with inflammation of the brain, and survived her children but a short time. Verdi now found himself bereft of the dearest objects of his affection; his heart was bowed down under its weight of affliction, and life presented but few attractions. Under these depressing circumstances he was to write an *opera-buffa*, and there was no time to lose! Feeling bound to fulfil the conditions of the contract, he applied himself to the task, and, at the appointed time, sent in his production. The public, ignorant of the tears in the midst

of which that music was born, went to the theatre to hear a comic opera, entitled "Un giorno di Regno;" went to laugh, to be amused, and to hiss if the work was not sufficiently gay and pleasing; and, as they were not diverted, they hissed, returning home satisfied that they had but done what was fairly just. The day following this representation, Verdi sought out Merelli, and wanted to annul their contract.

To this the *impresario* replied:

"So be it, if you wish; but, whenever you want to write again on the same terms, you will find me ready."

To tell the truth, the composer was discouraged by his want of success, and wholly broken down by his numerous trials. He now withdrew from all society, and, having hired a small room in an out-of-the-way part of Milan, passed most of his time in reading the worst books that could be found, rarely going out, unless occasionally in the evening, never giving his attention to study of any kind, and never touching the piano. Such was his life from October, 1840, to January, 1841. One evening, early in the new year, while out walking, he chanced to meet Merelli, who took him by the arm; and, as they sauntered toward the theatre, the *impresario* told him that he was in great trouble, Nicolai, who was to write an opera for him, having refused to accept a *libretto* entitled "Nabucco."

To this Verdi replied:

"I am glad to be able to relieve you of your difficulty. Don't you remember the *libretto* of 'Il Proscritto,' which you procured for me, and for which I have never composed the music? Give that to Nicolai in place of 'Nabucco.'"

Merelli thanked him for his kind offer, and, as they reached the theatre, asked him to go in, that they might ascertain whether the manuscript of "Il Proscritto" was really there. It was, at length, found, and Verdi was on the point of leaving, when Merelli slipped into his pocket the book of "Nabucco," asking him to look it over. For want of something to do, he took up the drama the next morning, and read it through, realizing how truly grand it was in conception. But, as a lover forces himself to feign indifference to his coquettish *innamorata*, so he, disregarding his inclinations, returned the manuscript to Merelli that same day.

"Well?" said Merelli, inquiringly.

"*Musicalissimo!*" he replied; "full of dramatic power and telling situations!"

"Take it home with you, then, and write the music for it."

Verdi hesitated, and declared that he did not want to compose; but the worthy *impresario* believed otherwise, and, forcing the manuscript upon him, gradually led him to the entrance, and then, gently pushing him out, closed the door. Verdi returned home with the *libretto*, but threw it on one side, without again looking at it, and for the next five months continued his reading of bad romances and yellow-covered novels. But, one fortunate day, early in June, that manuscript, by some happy chance, came to light again. He read over one scene, and, struck with its beauty, seated himself at the piano—

so long silent—and began composing the music. The ice was broken! Verdi soon entered into the spirit of the work, and in three months "Nabucco" was entirely completed. Merelli gladly accepted it, and after some delay it was at length performed at La Scala, in the spring of 1842. The opera was received with the greatest enthusiasm; all Milan was in raptures over its beauty; and Verdi was soon besieged by numberless impresarios from all parts of Italy, each anxious to secure his services at whatever cost. But Merelli had preceded them all, telling the composer to make his own terms for a new opera. The new life and the new hopes, so suddenly opened to him, brought with them a sweet peace, to which he had long been a stranger, and which he would fain have enjoyed undisturbed in the quiet of his little room. But he was no longer his own master; from that day of his first success, the world had claims upon him which he felt bound to recognize. The story of Verdi's career from that time forward is too well known to need repetition here, and, words failing, we can but point to the success of such works as "Ernani" and "Trovatore" as a lasting monument to his genius. It is not to be denied that his productions have at times been severely criticised, and, should we look to find in them that grandeur of conception which has distinguished those of a few (principally German) masters, above all others, we should doubtless be disappointed. But in beautiful, ever-fresh and inspiring melody, a distinguishing characteristic of the class of music to which they belong, they have rarely been equalled. While Barezzi lived, Verdi never failed to recognize how much he was indebted to him for all his good fortune, and he greatly lamented the death of this benefactor, which occurred in 1867. Not long before this affliction, Verdi had married Signora Strepponi, a lady of rare culture and refinement, and, withal, a superior singer, universally admired. She, too, had come to love Barezzi with all the warmth of her woman's heart; and his death was to them both as the loss of a beloved father.

A portion of the year the illustrious maestro now passes at Busseto; while there, giving much attention to agricultural pursuits, in which he is greatly interested. His principal residence, however, is at Genoa, where he has constantly spread out before him the sparkling Mediterranean, a grand and inspiring scene, of which he never tires, being, indeed, a passionate lover of Nature under all her numerous aspects. He prefers composing in a room entirely shut out from other parts of the house, and there, in pleasant weather, he works steadily for the greater part of the day; but, when it is cloudy or rainy, he is rarely in a mood for music, and then generally passes the time in reading. The Bible is to him the book of books, his precious companion and guide. Next to Dante, he prefers Ariosto, especially his descriptions of battles and storms; and not only is he familiar with the best writers of Italy, but is also exceedingly well read in the literature of other countries. In pictures he is quite a connoisseur, and his favorites are the works of the Bolognese school and of Coreggio, in whom he finds something of the grace of Raphael, com-

bined with the power of Michael Angelo. In music, of the old Italian masters, he most admires Pergolese and Palestrina, greatly preferring the simple grandeur in the sacred music of the latter to the more elaborate fugal style.

Everywhere known and admired for his genius, Verdi is most loved by those personally acquainted with him for his frank simplicity of character, for his uprightness, and for his refined manners and conversation; and, while this latter reveals the serenity and contentment of the man, his face is the face of one who has gained these blessings through many trials and disappointments. But, when alone, and his thoughts are free to wander in the realms of fancy, that countenance seems to express an anxious longing, as though he were eager to catch some high and noble inspiration. Perhaps, at such moments, there comes to his ear a faint echo of the grand harmonies of the universe, and he laments his inability to seize and reproduce even a single one of those eternal notes.

We subjoin a chronological list of Verdi's best-known works, with the date and place of their first representation:

"Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," Milan, 1839; "Un Giorno di Regno," Milan, 1840; "Nabucco," Milan, 1842; "I Lombardi," Milan, 1843; "Ernani," Venice, 1844; "I Due Foscari," Rome, 1844; "Giovanna d'Arco," Milan, 1845; "Alzira," Naples, 1845; "Attila," Venice, 1846; "Macbeth," Florence, 1847; "I Masnadieri," London, 1847; "Luisa Müller," Naples, 1849; "Rigoletto," Venice, 1851; "Il Trovatore," Rome, 1853; "La Traviata," Venice, 1853; "I Vespri Siciliani," Paris, 1855; "Il Ballo in Maschera," Rome, 1859; "La Forza del Destino," St. Petersburg, 1862; "Don Carlos," Paris, 1867.

GEORGE B. MILES.

"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

"I knew that your soul was out of my reach," he continues, sadly; "that I should get only your body, and even that shrank away from me. Shall I ever forget those first two kisses that you gave me—that I made you give me? They were colder than ice."

A little pause. The fire-flame quivers and talks to itself; the pug plucks up heart again, and, returning, lies down, with his nose resting on his bowed forelegs.

"I suppose it is all for the best," says Scrope, presently, with a forced smile; "at least, it is as well to say so, is not it? I was so idiotically fond of you that, if you had been decently civil to me, I suppose I should have been happier than any man can be and live."

No answer.

"Do you know," he resumes, in a tone of deep and sombre excitement, "what has kept me up all this month, what has hindered me

from cutting my own throat or yours—it was a toss-up which—what has made me smile and seem pleased at words that bit and looks that stung? Well, I will tell you—listen, and laugh if it amuses you; it is true, all the same. I knew" (lifting his hands from her shoulders, and framing her drooped face with them)—"I knew that, if once I could get you all to myself, I could make you love me; you would do your best to thwart and hinder me, but I could make you. Lenore, I know it still."

"Do you?" she says, sadly. "I wish you could; but I doubt it."

"Tell me," cries the young fellow, emboldened by her gentleness to take her once more in his arms, as if she were his own—"it will do me no good to hear—be tantalizing, rather—but still I think it would ease my pain a little—tell me, if you had met me first—met me before you came across him—do you think you could have liked me a little then? Say 'yes,' if you can, Lenore" (with a suffering accent of entreaty).

"How do I know?" she says, sharply, for once not shrinking from his contact—not struggling in his embrace, but rather coldly taking it for granted. "What is the good of looking back? It seems to me now that, if I had not met him, I should have gone on always, as I had gone on before, laughing and amusing myself, and being happy in my way, and not loving anybody much. I never was one to fall in love easily—never!" (drawing herself up with a little movement of pride).

"You fell in love with him easily enough," says Scrope, roughly.

"Yes," she answers, almost humbly, though her face flames, "you are right, so I did; it was a boast I had no right to make."

"What on earth made you do it?"

"How can I tell? Perversity, I think; I always was perverse from a child; they said I should pay for it, sooner or later. I think I have now, have not I?" (smiling drearily). A moment's pause. "Other people cared for me of their own accord," she continues, sighing; as for him, almost every word I said grated upon him; I had to fight and battle even for his toleration."

"And that pleased you?"

"Does one ever care for the things that one can stretch out one's hand and take?" she asks, bitterly. "I do not, neither do you—that is evident, or you would not be here." After a little pause: "He thought very meanly of me from the first—very. He almost told me so in so many words, and I—I—well—I only meant to make him alter his mind; that was how it began. Bah!" (breaking off suddenly, with a tempest of angry pain in her voice), "what does it matter how it began? Is not it enough that it *did* begin, that it went on, and that now it is ended?"

At the last word her raised voice sinks down, and dies in a sob. His hold upon her grows lax, he gives a long sigh of astonished, indignant grief.

"If that was the way to your heart," he says, with a sort of scorn, "no wonder I missed it." Silence. "Merciful Heavens!" cries the young man, smiting his hands together in a sort of wondering frenzy, "did

one ever hear the like? Must one hold you cheap, and have the ill manners to tell you so; must one cut you to the heart with frosty looks and words that stab like your own; must one love you tardily and leave you readily, before you will give one your affection? If so, Lenore, I tell you candidly that—stark, staring mad about you as I have been for the last six months—I tell you candidly that I had rather be without it."

"You are right," she says, coldly; "it is not worth having. After all, you agree with him; he thought it was not worth having, and so threw it away."

The moments flash past; the little moments, that tarry not to listen to brisk wedding-chimes, or the slow passing-bell. The two young people still stand opposite one another, each buried in thoughts, whereof it would be hard to say whose share was the bitterer. Scrope is the first to break the silence that has fallen on them.

"Tell me, Lenore," he says, breaking out into impetuous speech, "you have said so many disagreeable things to me in your time, that *one* more will not matter; yes, tell me—I will promise not to burst out into violence; I will even try to look *pleased*" (smiling sardonically); "is there—is there—any talk of his coming back? Have you any hope of it, that you are getting rid of me so quickly, all of a sudden?"

"What do you mean?" she says, harshly, with a shrinking shiver, as if one had torn open a great gaping wound in her tender body. "Do you think that if I had had any hope I should have sent for you? He is not one to speak lightly, to say one thing to-day and one to-morrow; I should wear out my ears with listening before I heard the wheels of his carriage coming back. No, no!" (with a low, sobbing sigh), "I have no hope. It is humiliating to speak of hope in such a case, is not it? I suppose I should not, if I had any spirit."

"If you have really done with him *for ever*, then," says the young man, in a voice which is still half doubting, "Lenore—I do not want to be glad at what makes you sorry; but how can I help it?—then, for God's sake, come to me; what is there to stand between us? I *know* I can make you forget him; even to-day—perhaps you will laugh at me for saying so—you seem to hate me a shade less than you did. O beloved, out of the great harvest of love that you lavished on him—him who did not take it, who hardly stooped to pick it up, who tossed it carelessly back to you—have not you saved *one grain* for me, who have been hungry and famished so long?"

There are tears in his shaken voice, though none in his eyes; and indeed a man who weeps in wooing mostly damns himself. In a hairy, blubbered face there must always be less of the moving than the ridiculous.

"Say 'yes,' he cries, with a passionate agony of pleading, twining both his arms once more about her. "I will hold you here until you say it. I will let no sound but 'yes' pass those lips that have never yet given me a kind word or a kiss worth the taking."

"What am I to say 'yes' to?" she asks,

holding aloof from him, as much as may be, with the old gesture of shrinking distaste. "Am I to say that I will marry you? Well, I said that a month ago; that is settled. Why must we go over all the old story again?"

"But do we mean the same thing?" asks Scrope, with distrustful vehemence. "That is the question. Will you marry me *now*—at once, without any senseless, causeless delay?"

She has drawn herself away from him, and now turns, and walking to the window, looks blankly out on the drear, white, snow world—on the long, sharp icicles hanging from the leaves.

"Speak," he says, his voice sharpened and roughened, following her to the other side of the room. "I am waiting—I will wait on you as long as you please; but if I keep you here to the Judgment-Day I will not go unanswered! Will you marry me *to-morrow*?—great Heavens! if it had not been for this unhappy *contre-temps*, by to-morrow you would have been four days my wife!—or will you not?"

She is trembling all over, and her cold, white face is twitched with pain, and wet with unwept tears.

"Not to-morrow!" she says, with an involuntary shudder; "not so soon—not quite so soon. Let me have time to draw my breath! I am not well; as I live, I am not well. See how thin I have grown" (holding out one hand, on which the wandering veins and the small bones indicate their places more clearly than they did last year). "I, who" (smiling) "used to be so afraid of growing too fat! I do not think I need be afraid of that now, need I? Let me get quite well—quite strong first. I shall be better worth your taking, then."

"Lenore!" cries the young man, seizing her by the arm, in an access of sudden and uncontrollable passion, "did you ever in all your life think of any one but yourself? What business have you to spoil my life for me? What business have you to make me a laughing-stock for everybody?—tell me that!"

"I have no business—none," she answers, drooping her long neck and sobbing.

"Will you marry me *to-morrow*, Lenore?" (speaking with the stern quiet of self-restraint).

"Not to-morrow—not to-morrow," she answers, mildly, turning her head restlessly from side to side. "I meant really to have married you on Tuesday—you cannot doubt that? Had I not my wedding-dress on? But see how ill the thought has made me. Give me six months. In six months I shall get used to the idea; perhaps I shall get the better of my temper. Six months is a long time; things that happened six months ago seem a long way off" (her eyes straying dreamily out to the still, white trees, and the square church-tower).

"I see how it is," he says, fiercely; "I have been very patient with you, and you think I shall be patient always. You are mistaken; I am sick of patience; I have done with it. I will marry you *now or never*."

At his words, her swimming eyes flash, and the wet carnation flowers hotly on her cheeks.

"Do you wish," she cries, violently, "for a wife who hates your touch?—who dreads being left alone with you?—who never hears your footstep without longing to fly out of sight—out of ear-shot of you? If you do, you have odd taste!"

He clinches his hands, and his teeth close hard on his under lip, but he does not trust himself to speak.

"Is not it my own interest to be fond of you—to marry you?" she continues, in strong excitement. "Are not you rich and prosperous? and have not I all my life been in love with ease, and wealth, and pleasure? Is it from choice that I wake all night? I am sick of being unhappy, and fretting, and hating everybody. God knows I would be happy if I could! Be patient a little longer—only a little."

But he only answers, "*Now or never*."

"Well, then, it must be *never*!" she answers, vehemently—"there—you have said it yourself; it is *your* doing, not mine. It is you who have thrown me over—not I you."

"Very well," he answers, in a husky whisper, hastily averting his face, to hinder her from seeing the havoc that despair is working on its beauty; "you are right—it shall be *never*!"

Utter silence for a space—silence as deep as if they had been dead.

"Lenore," he says, at length, turning toward her for the last time his clay-white glance and the indignant agony of his eyes, "you make one say ugly things to you. Were you ever any thing but a curse to any one that you had to do with? You have cursed full six months of my life, but you shall curse no more of it: I *will* do without you. There is no lessor so hard that one cannot learn it in time, and I will."

She is silent.

"Even for a good woman, who had loved one, and whom one had lost by death, one would not mourn forever," he continues, in the same rough, unsteady whisper; "how much less for you, who have never given me any thing but unladylike insults—unwomanly gibes! Good-by, Lenore! Yes, good-by! But, before I go, give me one kiss—one *real* kiss. Since they were to have been *all mine*, spare me one!"

So speaking he stoops, and, for an instant, lays his lips upon her unwilling mouth. Then he goes. Thus she is rid of *all* her lovers.

END OF PART II.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VIENNA PRESS.

IN the year 1836 there were only three daily newspapers published in Vienna—*Die Wiener Zeitung*, the organ of the government, founded in 1701; the *Wanderer*; and the *Rebacher*. The whole number of periodicals—daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly—published in the city at that time, was twenty-three.

In 1847 the number of the daily journals had increased to five; but the circulation of the whole of them did not exceed twenty thousand. They had not yet learned the art of interesting the public, and consequently

could not compete with the journals published in other German states—one of which, for example, circulated eight thousand copies in Austria.

This low condition of journalism in Vienna was due to various causes. The so-called political papers but rarely meddled with state affairs, and, as for opposing or criticising the government, none of them ventured to do it. Nor did they discuss questions in political economy or finance to any extent. The contents of the papers were confined to the publishing of political facts, city gossip, theatrical news, and the discussion of agricultural, historical, theological, and military questions. This being the case, prominent literary men sought more lucrative and more honorable fields for the exercise of their talents than journalism offered.

In 1848 a man appeared in Vienna, whose genius has entirely revolutionized journalism in the Austrian capital. This bold reformer, the father of the daily Vienna press of to-day, was neither a *littérateur* of extraordinary ability nor a poor journalist favored by Fortune, but a baker, named August Zang.

This man, while residing in Paris, where he did an excellent business with *Wiener Kipfeln* and *Kaisersmadden* (different kinds of fine bread), had made himself as thoroughly acquainted as possible with the editorial and administrative departments of the Parisian journals. He took especial pains to study the system on which Emile Girardin conducted his paper, *La Presse*; and when, on his return to Vienna, he saw the condition journalism was in throughout the whole empire, he promptly decided to start a paper upon the Girardin plan. This he did in 1848, calling his paper *Die Presse*. The enterprise was exceedingly successful. The editorials of the new journal, the *feuilleton*—for which Zang secured some popular novels—and the discussions of economical and financial subjects, met with great favor. Zang directed both the business and editorial departments of his paper so cleverly that, in a comparatively short time, he became a millionaire, when he sold out to an association of bankers, high officials, and literary men, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits.

Gustav Heine, brother to the poet Heinrich Heine, was publishing the *Fremdenblatt*, a journal devoted to the drama, art, literature, and social life, at the time Zang started *Die Presse*. Heine, also, was very successful; he not only made a handsome fortune, but was rewarded by the government with the title of baron for his services in elevating journalism.

The success of these two pioneers, who built themselves palaces and villas, and were able to keep up brilliant establishments, was a sufficient incentive to induce others to follow their example. The *Vaterland*, *Morgenpost*, *Vorstadt-Zeitung*, and *Volksfreund*, were soon called into existence, and were received with more or less favor by the public. They were, however, overshadowed by the *Neue Freie Presse*, started in 1863, and the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*. These two brilliant stars in the journalistic firmament really owe their existence to a want of liberality and judgment. The facts are these:

The proprietors of the old journals had collected about them a goodly number of able and energetic young men, whom they had initiated into all the mysteries of editing and managing a newspaper. These young men were not ignorant of their own worth, and demanded from their employers, not only more liberal remuneration for their services, but also more discretionary power in conducting their respective departments. The proprietors refused to accede to their demands, and the young men, not being willing to sink to the level of machines, or to work solely to enrich their employers, "struck," and set about starting journals of their own.

Among the "strikers" were Michael Etienne and Dr. Max Friedländer, both energetic business-men, as well as accomplished journalists. They left the *Presse*, and founded the *Neue Freie Presse*. All the other papers, being jealous of Zang's immense success, were overjoyed to see that dissension had broken out in his camp, and did their utmost to further the interests of the new enterprise, at the same time letting no opportunity escape to aim a blow at the old *Presse*, which they injured not a little, but not more than they injured themselves. The new paper realized public expectation in every particular; but nothing was left undone that, in the opinion of its shrewd proprietors, would in any degree contribute to its success. The leading articles, political, economical, and commercial essays, were from the ablest pens that could be secured; while the novels that appeared in the *feuilleton* were by the most renowned writers of fiction in Germany. Spielhagen, Gutzkow, Alfred Meissner, Auerbach, Wolfgang Mueller, Laube, and others, published some of their best productions in the columns of the *Neue Freie Presse*. The success of the enterprise was unprecedented in German journalism. The regular edition of the journal is now (eight years since it was started) something more than thirty thousand. It has earned a competence for each of its proprietors, besides representing a value of about one million florins.

The *Neue Wiener Tagblatt* owes its existence to a quarrel between Moritz Szeps, the writer of the "leaders" for the *Morgenpost*, and his employer. This journal has also been very successful; although it is but little more than four years old, it circulates nearly twenty-five thousand copies.

Other journals have been started in Vienna during the last ten years, under similar circumstances, that have been moderately successful—the *Neue Fremdenblatt* and the *Montags-Revue*, for example.

The above sketch will suffice to convey an idea of the immense progress journalism has made in Austria during the last twenty years. There are, at present, eighteen daily papers published in Vienna, nine of which issue a morning and an evening edition. Formerly, there were but three weekly papers published in the imperial city. This number has been increased by the *Bösen Zungen*, *Wiener Salonblatt*, *Montags-Revue*, and the *Salonzeitung*, the *Floh*, *Kikeriki*, *Figaro*, and others. The last three are humorous papers, resembling the London *Punch*.

Besides these, the number of commercial,

medical, military, theological, philosophical, philological, agricultural, politico-economical, and theatrical journals published in Vienna is unusually large for a city of its population, which is now about seven hundred and fifty thousand. The editions of the daily journals alone probably exceed two hundred thousand copies.

Other causes than those already mentioned have contributed to elevate journalism in Vienna. So long as the Metternich ministry was in power, the Austrian press was fettered, hand and foot. Metternich's government was of opinion that the Parisian journals caused the revolutions of 1789 and 1830; the autocratic minister would, therefore, not tolerate anything like political criticism. His government adopted the principles of the "good Kaiser Franz:" "Further the material interests of the people, and see that they do not become too knowing." Metternich was seconded in this policy by the court, the nobility, and the priests. With such opponents, an influential press was impossible.

After the Revolution of 1848, the press was scarcely less fettered than it had been before. If the number of journals was increased, so was the severity of the censorship. Nothing was more common at this time than the fining and imprisoning of journalists. Punishing them, however, seemed to have little effect; for they now began to court the favor of the many rather than of the few. Of late years, the freedom of the press has been greatly enlarged; this is especially true since offending journalists have been guaranteed a jury-trial.

Another reason why journalism has flourished of late in Austria may be found in the material prosperity of the country during the last ten or fifteen years. The merchant and manufacturer, in order to prosecute their business successfully, must be well informed with regard to what is happening abroad as well as at home, and have, of course, no means of obtaining prompt and reliable information, except through the newspapers.

Another important consideration is the fact that, owing to the increased support the Vienna journals have received from the public, they are able to secure the very first literary men in the country as contributors. Journalism has become, in Austria, as honorable and as profitable as any other branch of literature. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state that all the contributors to the Vienna journals are not members of the editorial corps of the papers that publish their articles—many are only occasional contributors, and are residents of the provinces—nor are they, in most cases, professional writers, but belong to all classes, from prince to peasant, and all professions, from the diplomat to the artisan. Many of the ablest and most original articles in the Vienna papers come from outside sources.

The nominal publishers of the Vienna papers are not generally the proprietors, who usually wish to remain unknown. Nor is the nominally responsible editor always a writer of articles; he is, in most cases, some mediocre personage, who receives a small salary for taking on his shoulders the sins of the paper, and serving an occasional term in prison.

OCEANIC CIRCULATION.

"THE greatest problem of terrestrial physics," as Sir John Herschel termed the cause of the ocean-currents, is now eagerly discussed by the scientific world. The means at our disposal are so ample and thorough to investigate and collect facts bearing on this question, that an indisputable theory will soon be established to account for phenomena which, apart from the natural curiosity they must ever excite, have so much to do with life on this globe. Our own country, taunted too often for its devotion to mercantile and commercial matters, has been among the foremost to investigate and collect facts bearing on this matter. So long ago as 1828, Humboldt, in an address before the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, commended the United States for its exertions in this direction. The labors and data of Maury, and of our Coast Survey, are taken as valuable guides throughout the world. Our position on the continent, surrounded with the immense field over which these phenomena can be observed, is peculiarly favorable to an acquaintance with them.

What are the facts, the phenomena?

There is little dispute about these; it is only on the cause that there is any serious difference of opinion.

That there are currents which constantly flow from the equator in a northeasterly direction, bringing the warm equatorial waters toward the polar regions, is incontrovertible. We can observe them; we can even measure their rate of speed; we can test their waters with the thermometer.

The fruits of Mexico have been washed ashore on Northwestern Europe; and a recent traveller tells us that the people on the shores of Norway have been in the habit of picking up a bean, which they superstitiously regard as a charm in the labor of childbirth. This bean we know to belong to Mexico. The evidence is complete on this point.

We observe that the lines of equal mean annual temperature, instead of showing any tendency to coincide with the parallels of latitude, run up into the North Atlantic, and into the North Sea, in the form of a series of loops; an examination of any physical map on which isothermal lines are marked will at once show this. The phenomenon is not confined to the North Atlantic; a corresponding series of loops, though not so well defined, passes southward along the east coast of South America; and a very marked series occupies the angle of the Pacific off the Aleutian Islands and the coast of California. But the temperature of the North Atlantic is not only raised greatly above that of places on the same parallel of latitude, having a continental climate by the interchange of tropical and polar water, it is greatly higher than that of places similarly circumstanced as to a general interchange of water in the Southern Hemisphere. Thus the mean annual temperature of the Faroe Islands, latitude 62° 2' north, is about 45° Fahr., nearly equal to that of the Falkland Islands, 52° south, which is 47½° F. The temperature of Dublin, latitude 53° 21' north, is 49½° F.; while that of Port

Famine, latitude 53° 8' south, is 41½° F. Yet more remarkable is the variation between places on the same parallel in the Northern Hemisphere. Halifax, in latitude 44° 39', has a mean annual temperature of 43° F.; and Dublin, in latitude 53° 21' has 49½° F. We thus arrive at the well-known general result, that the temperature of the sea bathing the northeastern shores of the North Atlantic is greatly raised above its normal point; and the same, in a less degree, is the case with the northwestern shores of our continent.

The members of the late German Arctic Expeditions have observed that when the warmer blue waters moving from the southwestward meet the impure waters of the Spitzbergen and East Greenland currents, there is a line of demarcation very distinct, which would indicate that the Atlantic water here dips down beneath the specifically lighter water of the ice-bearing current—a conclusion which is supported by the increase of temperature with the depth beyond this point.

If there be this movement of equatorial waters to the polar regions, which is now undeniable, there must be, to preserve the equilibrium, a counter-movement from the north to the equator, and this has recently been demonstrated by many practical experiments. The most remarkable investigations ever carried on upon the ocean-currents and temperature have been recently made in two British ships—the *Lightning*, in 1868, and the *Porcupine*, in the summer of 1869. The latter vessel was sent out on three cruises, and the results of their trials have startled the scientific world, not only by the remarkable change of temperature observed, but by the evidences of animal life they found at depths which it was not believed could contain any life.

In the second cruise of this vessel, in the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay, two hundred and fifty miles west of Ushant, a depth of twenty-three hundred and forty-five fathoms was reached and examined. This depth was nearly equal to the height of Mont Blanc, and exceeds, by five hundred feet, the depth from which the Atlantic cable was recovered. It was unmistakably proved that as you descend the thermometer falls, and as low as 33° has been registered, while at the surface it was 67°. Examinations carried on in a similar way in the Mediterranean gave no lower temperature than 54°.

Still more startling were the observations made in the third cruise, between the north of Scotland and the Faroe Islands. There were actually found, within twelve miles of each other, two distinct climates beneath the Atlantic. In one part there was a temperature of 32°, while none less than 46° could be obtained in another. At the surface there was a temperature of 52°, and a fall of three to four degrees took place in the first fifty fathoms. These results are now exciting wonderful attention, and, on account of a new improved thermometer to resist the pressure of the water, which is in some places three tons to a square inch, they are absolutely certain. Formerly it was laid down as certain that there was no temperature less than 39° at deep-sea bottom, but that was occasioned through the fault in the manner of

registering, which gave the temperature much higher than it really was.

Captain Maury demonstrated in another way the existence of an under-current from the north. An apparatus constructed by him of a block of wood, sunk by weights, and attached by a line to a small, floating barrel, moved off in a southerly direction against wind, and sea, and surface-current. And we all know that icebergs take a southerly direction, which can only be accounted for on the supposition of an under-current from the arctic regions.

It is, therefore, admitted on all sides that there is this interchange of water between the polar and equatorial regions; but the difference is rather upon the true cause of this circulation.

It is apparent from the motion of the earth from west to east, and on account of the waters starting from the equator where their velocity is greatest, that the currents will take a northeast and a southwest direction; those from the equator will go in a northeast direction, and the arctic currents in a southwest direction. But what causes this circulation? That there is a large body of water conveyed by the Gulf Stream is on all sides admitted; it is only on the absolute quantity that there is any disagreement. Some maintain that the Gulf Stream brings all the warm water from the tropics which affect northern climates, while others, admitting it carries off these warm waters, deny it has the power to modify our northern climate to the extent claimed.

The ultimate source of the Gulf Stream is, undoubtedly, as has been specially insisted upon by Sir John Herschel, the equatorial current of the Atlantic, the drift of the trade-winds.

Mr. Croll, in the *Philosophical Magazine* for February, 1870, calculates the Gulf Stream to be equal to a stream of water fifty miles broad, one thousand feet deep, and flowing at the rate of four miles an hour; he further estimates that it conveys as much heat to the northern parts of Europe as is obtained by the whole arctic regions from the sun.

Others deny that there is such a quantity of water in the Gulf Stream, and believe it is only a portion of the great equatorial flow toward the north. They maintain that other causes, far more potent, produce the interchange of water between the tropical and arctic regions.

Dr. William B. Carpenter, who has devoted many years to research on this subject, and who made those experiments in the *Porcupine*, read a remarkable paper before the British Association at its late meeting. In this paper he accounted for the phenomena by a theory that commanded the general assent of the learned men present at that meeting, and which has been very favorably received by the scientific world. He maintains that the true cause of oceanic currents is to be found in the arctic regions, where the water being cold, and by a well-known physical law more dense, will sink, and thus cause a motion of the waters from warmer regions to fill its place. He further demonstrated this by a novel and beautiful experiment by conducting water of different temperatures through a

tabe. He acknowledges that the Gulf Stream conveys water toward the polar regions; but argues that it by no means can give the high temperature to northern latitudes. The late Sir John Herschel gave to the winds the entire right of setting the ocean-streams in motion; but in a letter, which is supposed to be the last he ever wrote, he accepts the theory of Dr. Carpenter. This letter was published in *Nature* of May 25, 1871. We here give a copy of it:

"COLLINGSWOOD, April 19, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR: Many thanks for your paper on the Gibraltar Current and Gulf Stream.

"Assuredly, after well considering all you say, as well as the common-sense of the matter, and the experience of our hot-water circulation-pipes in our greenhouses, etc., there is no refusing to admit that an oceanic circulation of some sort must arise from mere heat, cold, and evaporation as *vera causa*, and you have brought forward with singular emphasis the more powerful action of the polar cold, or rather the more intense action, as its maximum effect is limited to a much smaller area than that of the maximum of equatorial heat.

"The action of the trade and counter-trade winds in like manner cannot be ignored; and henceforward the question of ocean-currents will have to be studied under a twofold point of view. The wind-currents, however, are of easier investigation. All the causes lie on the surface; none of the agencies escape our notice; the configuration of coasts, which mainly determines their direction, is patent to sight. It is otherwise with the other class of movements. They take place in the depths of the ocean; and their movements, and directions, and channels of concentration, are limited by the configuration of the sea-bottom, which has to be studied over its whole extent by the very imperfect method of sounding.

"So, after all, there is an under-current setting outward in the Straits of Gibraltar.

"Repeating my thanks for this interesting memoir, believe me, dear sir,

"Yours very truly,

"J. F. W. HERSCHEL."

Another very plausible theory of oceanic circulation was based on *atmospheric pressure*. It is known that, at some parts of the earth's surface, there exists an atmospheric pressure capable of sustaining a column of mercury in the barometer of upward of thirty inches in height; at the same time there are certain areas over which this pressure is only such as to raise the barometric column to a little over twenty-nine inches. Now, if we compare the difference of absolute weight sustained by two such areas, we shall see that, in the space over which the higher atmospheric pressure exists, there is an excess of weight of air amounting in round numbers to one million tons on each square mile. It has been maintained that it is reasonable to believe that the waters which lie under the high-pressure area have a tendency to escape from under the excessive weight toward the space over which the pressure is less.

It has been observed in the Mediterranean and Baltic that a rise of an inch in the barom-

eter will be attended with a corresponding rise in the level of those seas of about thirteen inches, or a rise in the barometer will produce a rise of thirteen times the amount in the level of those seas.

This is certainly remarkable, and has been deemed sufficient to make many conclude that the difference of atmospheric pressure has some power both in originating and in directing the course of ocean-currents.

There are thus three causes adduced as controlling ocean-currents; the one advanced by Dr. Carpenter seems now to be in a fair way of general acceptance; though it is claimed, even by those who agree with him, that we must allow the others an important part, too, in the general circulation.

JOHN PROFFATT.

NIMBUS.

I HAVE noticed recently, in some of the English magazines, several articles on dogs, in which it is mentioned, as a very extraordinary circumstance, that certain dogs have been known to eat currants and gooseberries, and, in one or two cases, to become so fond of those fruits as to take them from the bushes, even at the risk of scratching their noses.

The perusal of these papers has led me to recall the particulars of a case of canine appetite far more curious and varied than any thing recorded by the English writers, and, in fact, eclipsing all of the kind that I have ever seen or heard of.

Toward the close of last summer, I made a visit of a week's duration to a gentleman living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose name is well known to the students of English literature on both sides of the Atlantic, and whose business keeps him each day for several hours in the neighboring city of Boston. It was about the middle of the afternoon that I rang the bell at the door of his house. It was answered immediately by the furious barking of a dog, evidently in the front-entry, whose clamor was presently mingled with the gentle sound of a lady's voice, which was vainly attempting to soothe and pacify the animal, whose name, as I gathered from her affectionate appeals, was apparently Nimbus. I judged at length by the sounds within that Nimbus had been adroitly beguiled into an adjoining room, and fastened in there. At all events, his barking suddenly ceased, and I was admitted by my friend's wife, who laughingly explained that, when her husband was absent, Nimbus considered himself the guardian of the house, and was not willing to admit any stranger without protest, though he was never known to harm anybody.

At my request, Nimbus, who had been locked into his master's study, was released, and came forth with a sufficiently quiet and well-bred air. He is a retriever of rather large size and very handsome, with fine black hair and singularly intelligent and expressive brown eyes. His age is about five years, and he seems to be in perfect health and vigor.

During that summer afternoon I had a

good opportunity to become acquainted with Nimbus and his habits, as we sat on the broad front-veranda. He was ever on the alert, and vigilant for the safety of the house, scrutinizing carefully all who approached, though he barked at no one of not obviously suspicious appearance, as a beggar or a tramp. He makes, however, a singular exception in this respect. He will not endure the approach of any one clothed in gray, and always greets the postman with vehement marks of disapproval, though he never really bites him. At first I naturally attributed this aversion to the Confederate uniform to a patriotic instinct, but on inquiry was told that, like much seeming patriotism, it had a personal motive. The fact was that, in his younger days, Nimbus had been cruelly beaten by some young ruffian clad in gray, and could never afterward abide the color.

During the day I noticed that Nimbus never strayed far from the house, but kept within call and generally within sight. This, his mistress told me, was his invariable custom. He never strayed away, and, though he occasionally gave chase to a passing cur or to the obnoxious postman, he was seldom known to go out of sight, and that only for a few minutes, when he would hurry home as fast as his legs could carry him, with the air of one who was sorry that he had allowed himself to be tempted into even momentary desertion of his post.

He evidently had a sense of time, for, as the hour approached at which his master usually came out from Boston, he stationed himself where he could watch the horse-cars as they passed the house, and, when the one which contained his master came in sight, he bounded forth to meet it with every mark of eager delight. He seemed to know by instinct which it was, though the cars passed at short intervals, and were all alike.

Having escorted his master to the house, he darted up-stairs, and presently returned with a pair of slippers, the putting on of which he watched with grave interest, and then carried the boots to the kitchen. After this he seemed to regard his duties for the day as done until the time for dinner arrived, when he promptly made his appearance at the table.

Thus far I have told nothing extraordinary, or nothing not common to many well-trained dogs. But the diet of Nimbus and his habits of eating were so surprising that I really hesitate to state the full truth, lest it may seem incredible.

In the first place, I was told he would not eat at all in the kitchen, if the family were at home. Nor did he like to eat from a plate, but insisted on having his morsels given him in a dainty manner with a spoon or a silver fork, or directly with the hand. Steel forks he did not like. He always took his food delicately, and not greedily, waited patiently till it was offered him, and asked for it, however hungry, only with his fine, pleading eyes, or a gentle touch with his paw. His eyes would glow with an intense golden light when he was offered any thing of which he was particularly fond, as peas, beans, blackberries, melons, macaroni, nuts, and raisins.

During the week of my visit I saw him

eat, besides the articles just mentioned, celery, raw cabbage, lettuce, squash, tomatoes, plain and dressed, potatoes, cauliflower, pickles, olives, oranges, apples, peaches, radishes, asparagus, carrots, turnips, and various kinds of pies and puddings. I was told that he was fond of currants and strawberries, but they were not in season at the time of my visit. I saw him also eat lobster and other salads, with rich dressing. He ate all kinds of meat, of course, and even with highly-spiced sauces; and fish also, I believe, though I cannot recollect with certainty that I saw him eat any.

Nimbus is also fond of sweetmeats, and eats all kinds of bread and cakes, including buckwheat-cakes. For drink he prefers tea, and will even take it without milk or sugar, though he likes it best with both of them. He is fond of coffee, but will not touch any thing intoxicating, turning away his nose in refined disdain from even the choicest wines.

This singularly-varied bill of fare does not seem to impair the dogs's digestion, for he has never been seriously sick, probably because he takes abundant exercise in the open air, leads a very regular life, and is always cheerful, temperate, and gentle, except when the gray uniform of the postman comes in sight. In brief, I may say, after a week's intimacy, I came to the conclusion that Nimbus was one of the most agreeable, interesting, and intelligent acquaintances I had ever made, either on four or on two legs. His character and demeanor strongly attest the good influences of kindness and gentleness, even on an animal. He has always been treated well, except by the ruffian in gray, and he consequently always behaves well, except to the gray-coated postman.

THE CARDINAL-FLOWER.

WHEN from gurgling brook, pond-margin, and emerald meadow, the Cardinal-Flower lifts its stately head, and stands with regal pride clothed in scarlet robes, then the gorgeous glory of midsummer has come, and the realm of flowers rejoices in the advent of its king.

Lobelia cardinalis is the scientific name of this resplendent flower. It is the most distinguished member of the Lobeliaceæ, and belongs to an extensive family which took its name from Matthias de Lobel, a physician and botanist to James I., who died in 1616. We suppose it receives its specific name of "cardinalis" from the meaning of the word "chief" or "principal;" but to us it always suggests the stately cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church, and the scarlet caps in which they appear in imposing religious ceremonies.

The Lobeliads are herbaceous plants or shrubs, with a milky, acrid, and narcotic juice, possessing decidedly poisonous properties. Their family characteristics are alternate leaves, flowers axillary, or in terminal bracted racemes, a five-lobed calyx, a five-cleft corolla, the stamens longer than the corolla, and cohering by their anthers, and a many-seeded capsule, splitting open at the apex

They prefer to dwell amid the glowing heat of tropical regions, and abound in the West Indies, in Brazil, in the Himalayas, in the Sandwich Islands, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia. They are greatly prized for the gracefulness of their appearance and the splendor of their blossoms. Most of the species have tall, erect forms, and flowers growing in spikes; but the *Lobelia gracilis* is slender and trailing, and, with its pretty foliage and rich blue flowers, is specially adapted for a pendant ornament in floral design. There is the Dortmanna, or water Lobelia, which grows in ponds, and throws up drooping, pale-blue flowers above the surface of the water and the submerged leaves. The best-known member of the family is the *Lobelia inflata*, or Indian tobacco. This is very abundant in fields and woods; is found all over the country; blooms from July to September, and is easily recognized by its small, pale-blue corolla. It possesses powerful medicinal qualities, and has been rendered famous by Thomsonian physicians, in whose practice it has been largely administered. It is sometimes called "eye-bright." It has been the cause of more discussions upon the preponderance of its curative or poisonous properties, and has more decided friends and enemies, than almost any plant on the floral catalogue. There is also the Great Lobelia, with its large blue blossoms, occasionally developing into pure white; and there are the fulgid and splendid Lobelias of Mexico, with stems five feet high, and scarlet corollas, with whose magnificent bloom our northern flowers cannot vie.

But the most gorgeous-flowered species of the family—the king of the race—is the well-known cardinal-flower. Its simple stem stands erect, and the flowers grow on short pedicels, in a superb nodding raceme. The corolla is of a brilliant scarlet, nearly two inches in length, and the long stamens protruding from it give it a marked appearance. It is found from Canada to the Carolinas, and as far west as Illinois. It blossoms through July and August, often lingering into September, as if loath to leave its lovely country home. Now peeping from the shaded ravine, now nodding from the wayside brook, now gleaming from the meadow, its brilliant scarlet in contrast with the deep green of the shady haunts it loves, it is an object of superb beauty and interest.

Its roots are strongly fibrous, and grow loosely in the soil, so that it can be transplanted from its rural home, and made to grow as an exotic in the garden, or it will germinate readily from the seed. But it does not take kindly to its new surroundings, and loves the majesty and grace with which it bends to listen to the music of the murmuring rivulet, and receives the homage of the loyal subjects in its wild domain. It is fastidious in its tastes, and delights to see its own graceful form pictured beneath the mirrored surface of the pond, over whose edge it loves to grow, or it gracefully winds its way where the grass is greenest in meadow-lands. It is not found in the profusion that distinguishes many of the early autumnal flowers; it does not wave from every hill-side like the golden-rod; it does not peep forth from every

thicket like the astor; it does not weave garlands, or hang in graceful festoons from rocky walls like the clematis; neither does it disclose its unseen presence like the fragrant clethra. But it must be carefully sought by those who know the spots where it loves to linger, before it will deign to reward with its royal presence the most devoted worshipper.

A precious vase of it, gathered eight miles away by a wayside brook, was the inspiration for this tribute to its charms; and we can only remember two or three times in our lives when we have seen it growing in luxuriant profusion. Once in driving in the suburbs of the quaint old city of Salem, Massachusetts, we came unexpectedly upon a meadow scarlet with its brilliant beauty; and once in a row-boat on the romantic Yantic, at the base of Norwich Falls, in one of the loveliest and wildest spots which Nature ever made beautiful to mortal eyes, we found some emerald islets gemming the river, all ablaze with its gorgeous blossoms. The islands were covered with cardinal-flower, and the rocks on the river bank were festooned with clematis. We gathered a boat-load of the treasures, and, freighted with our floral wealth, no pearls from the ocean-depths, no stores of "loveliest amber," no coral from the grove "deep in the wave," would have made us richer or happier.

Many a wild region is adorned by this rare and peerless flower where no hand gathers it, and where no eye delights in its loveliness, yet none the less proudly does it raise its head, none the less sweetly does it "blush unseen."

"Distinction" is given in the books as the language of the cardinal-flower; and quivering with brilliant color, glistening in the sunshine, alive with light, sweet with the breath of the summer wind, and gently bending its head to caress the summer breeze, we gladly acknowledge its claim to regal honor in the broad kingdom of the flowers.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

GLIMPSED PICTURES.

A SPACIOUS hall, ablaze with light,
A thousand eager faces turned
To catch the words that thrill the night,
From girlish lips, as sweet as learned;
The flattering gaze, the loud applause,
The dainty brow with laurels twined;
The vict'ry won in pleaded cause,
The brilliant triumph of the mind:

A cosy chamber, curtains white,
A cradle swaying to and fro;
A young wife, crooning to the night
And sleeping babe, tunes, quaint and low;
The manly step, just at the door,
The quickened pulse, the waiting hush—
And then, such greeting as of yore
Gave lip and cheek the brightest flush.

Which picture likes the maiden best,
The path to Fame, or Love and Rest?

EUGENIE TYSON.

A COMMUNITY OF OUTCASTS.



THE HOMES OF THE OUTCASTS.

THE region described in the following sketch lies northwest of New York, at the distance of forty miles. One may reach it by travelling ninety minutes, or even less, if it be thought desirable to encounter the first examples of its peculiarity.

In summer it is a paradise. There is a long valley, as fertile as prairie-land, wide enough for a range of farms; a river, a rail-road, and a carriage-road; and it is as sheltered and as warm as a nook in the Andes. The villages are but four miles apart, and here and there along the road are planted the white-washed cabins of those thrifty people who find content in half an acre. Now and then, one discovers a beautiful country-house, showing finely among lawns and clipped foliage; and upon the river there are a few pleasure-boats continually moving about in the sunshine. The air is soft, and it smells of the pine. The meadows are broad, rich, and fertile. The road is winding, and, from various exigencies, it crosses from one side of the valley to the other like a yellow band in an Indian pattern. The shadows are beautiful; as they fall from the heights, they become purple, and temper the scene to the eye. So tortuous is the valley that it is lost to the spectator in half a

mile in either direction; he constantly moves in the centre of a fair and gentle picture.

It is enclosed in wooded mountains, two thousand feet high. Some culminate in sharp

peaks, and some in summits so rounded that one can hardly think a convulsion produced them. A precipice does not often occur, and the range is long and continuous. It is too

powerful in its aspect to make the landscape one of somnolent effect, and yet it is not so wild and rugged that it startles the beholder.

Standing in the valley-road, and looking upward, there is no sign of human habitation—not a film of smoke, not the simplest roof. The vast expanse of mountain-side is deserted and lonely. By hard listening, one may catch the murmur of a distant water-fall hidden deep among the trees, or the faint and quavering echoes of a woodman's axe. (You cannot help wondering to yourself what sort of a man the woodman is.) The green of the trees seems to descend toward you in billows, and one huge mountain melts into another. On the plain, all the petty noises of the inhabitants only go to make the stillness more perceptible. The ring of the hammer in the road-side forge, the rattle of the carriage-wheels, the rare but piercing laugh of children playing in the fields, the soft lowing of the cattle, the cries of the oxen-drivers muffled by the distance—all these, together with the warm air and the splendid picture, force one to say to



THE OUTCAST.

one's self: "Ah! how peaceful and ennobling! Can there be another scene that inspires more purity and virtue than this?"

Yet, on either hand, in the midst of the very prospects upon which the eye rests with gladness and satisfaction, there dwells a race of people of such brutal manners, such savage natures, and such foul corruption, that the inhabitants of the valley look upon them as outlaws, and apply to the region they inhabit an epithet which is equivalent to "hell."

They have no organization, and neither do they roam hither and thither in companies. Therefore, they are not to be called gypsies. They do not sin against the laws of the State by any statute or bond among themselves, and so there is no commune to be proceeded against by the officers of justice. They are

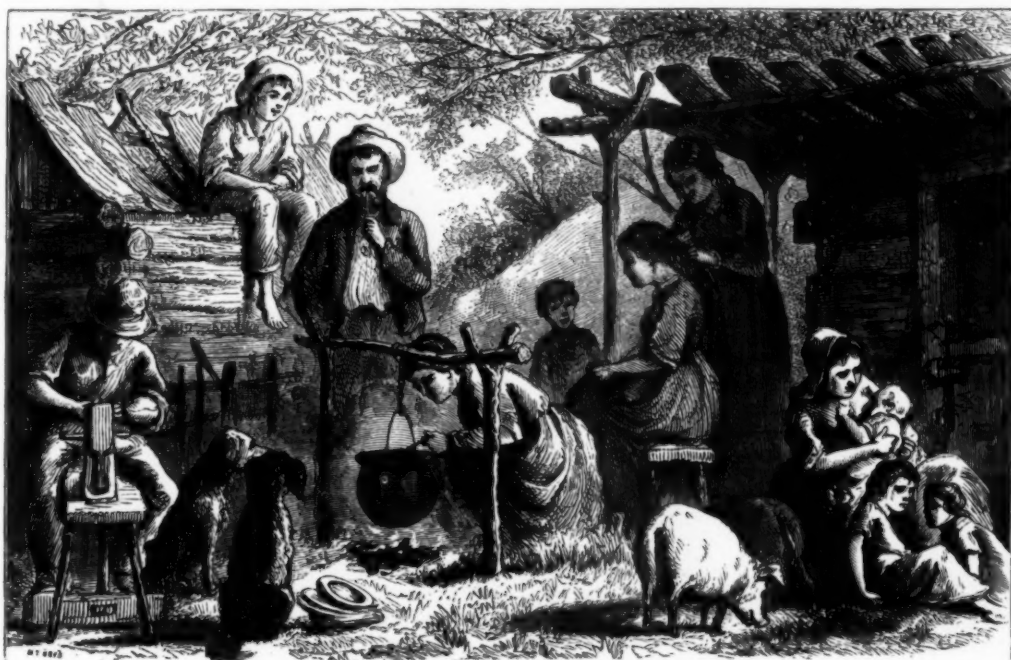
upon their fair country was first put there by fugitive slaves, more than a hundred years ago.

There were gradually added to these fugitives of other descriptions, and the general antagonism to the world made each individual endure the others. They buried themselves deep in the fastnesses and gorges of the mountains, and reared children, wilder and more savage than themselves. To encounter a hunter was danger; to speak to a farmer was consummate rashness; to venture into a village or town was certain imprisonment.

They lived in fear. Fear prevented them from looking into the world to see what was going on; it forbade them to form a companionship; it kept them hidden so closely that the limits of a prison of stone could not have been more implacable and unyielding

spectacle of these creatures is terrifying. Their dress is made of any thing which has breadth and flexibility—cloth, bark-strips, fur, or leather. Their manner is rough, their eyes furtive, their faces stolid. Their bearing is that of children who have been continually overridden and subdued. They have no elasticity of step, voice, or expression.

To prove that they are verging on incapacity, it is only necessary to state that three-quarters of the whole race bear but three names. The families have so intermarried that one appellation may comprise over a hundred persons. Two people agree to live together; they may be cousins, or they may be brother and sister. Where all are culprits, there can be no critics, and it is probable that their ceremony of marriage is as informal as



OUT-DOOR LIFE.

not arrayed against any thing but hunger and the elements, and, when these require them to be predatory, they have not virtue enough to resist.

In cases of this kind it is nearly impossible to trace in a satisfactory manner the origin of a people. It is rare to find a person of intelligence who has had interest enough to fix in his mind sufficient dates and events to establish whence the founders or forefathers fled or journeyed. The reasons are too obvious to require detailing, and perhaps it will suit all possible uses to receive the most plausible theory as the correct one. In relation to this particular people, there are half a dozen legends current, all possessing more or less romance and attractiveness; but the most favored one is, for a rarity, the most reasonable.

The people will tell you that this stain

than the voluntary tether which their jealous anxiety placed about them.

They were in constant dread of recapture and of its attendant terrors. Their children were born into an atmosphere of morbid anticipations; and, after those of eating and drinking, their first instincts were, to keep, anywhere, out of the society of man, and at any risk.

With their children's children this fear lessened, but only to discover to those who see them a race of wretches incapable of thought, honesty, morality, and almost of speech.

One looks upon them with the hope that he has been transported in his sleep to some other land. It is hard to believe that within twoscore miles of the metropolis there live some hundreds of beings whose strongest aversion is a better civilization. The actual

that of barn-yard fowls. Their common condition makes the man and woman compatible. Their main object is to conspire against all circumstances which deny them food for their mouths and clothing for their backs. They make a hut of logs and green-wood boughs, and then turn their attention to one of three industries—broom-making, manufacture of wooden tools, and charcoal-burning.

There has developed among them a *patois* of such a singular character, and the ear is so outraged by uncouth utterances, that one readily believes himself fallen among madmen. There is little gesticulation. When a man speaks, he lowers his head, and draws his words with a guttural sound, and delivers his sentences in so strange an idiom that one must guess his meaning and be content. A distinct syllable is not to be heard. Their speech is a succession of make-shifts. Their

scant ideas are expressed by methods still more scant, and so awkwardly do they mouth their words that the ear grows weary and impatient.

Here it is that one may find a perfect example of that shiftlessness called living from hand to mouth. Give any of these wretches the certainty of a meal, and he will fall into a state of sloth equalled only by the Digger Indian. One has but to hold out the fair prospect of immediate comfort, to see their feeble energies droop down, their tools fall out of their hands, and their will to labor become paralyzed. They lay up nothing. A rainy day cannot come to them, inasmuch as they are perpetually under a stress of weather. Their clothing costs them nothing but a present of a few trout to some of the world's people in the valley; a few chaldrons of charcoal, or a bundle of brooms, purchases the tools they require, and their woodcraft brings them their food. Their desire is simply to live. That they must live for something never occurs to them. The machine, named perhaps Conklin or De Groot, has been set going by Nature, and, following the life-preserving instinct, also fully possessed by the pig, they supply it with fuel, and further are irresponsible.

To say they possess peculiar characteristics of face and feature would not, in the strictest sense, be true; but none could take exception if it were said that there are very few creatures on earth who resemble them. Here and there one may find a good figure and a bright face; but it is oftener that there is a small body with a cunning eye; and oftener still, and, indeed, the entire remainder possess that terrible weighted figure and startling blankness of feature that one carries in his memory and dreams for days after they occur to his sight. Month in and month out, and year after year, they keep to their unvarying life, expecting nothing and regretting nothing. No festival enlivens them or arouses their curiosity; never does the prospect of a day of rest or enjoyment stimulate them to greater exertion; no vanity of possession, dress, or position, spurs their ambition or urges them to compete with one another. But, notwithstanding the monstrous shortcomings and condemning sins of omission of these people, one need never fear to go among them. He will be looked upon with the curiosity that would be bestowed upon a double headed ox,



GOING TO THE STORE.

but there is no fear of being stabbed in the back.

In midwinter, when the trees are divested of their foliage, there are discernible from the valley a few zigzag paths leading up the sides of the mountains at various places. These are the roads used by these mountain

satyrs when they are ready to fetch their wares to the villages below. Such rugged highways, beginning at no particular point, nor ending in any particular place, nor being lined by habitations of any sort whatever, look a little dangerous when one recalls the habits and doings of Italian brigands; but my guide, being a sturdy half-breed from Suffern's, took his pipe from his mouth and laughed when I mentioned it.

"Deengar!" he exclaimed.

I own that I could not help a sense of shame, though it was reasonable that one looking up a gloomy mountain-path beset with dripping rocks, lined with tangled under-brush, and leading into the midst of a region inhabited by semi-idiot, should stop at least for a second to reflect if it were not better to imagine it all, and take somebody else's word for it.

"Deengar!" repeated my companion, "no—no; they vill vly vrom you!" He clapped his arms against his sides to represent the flight of the expected fugitives, and then encouraged me to follow him.

In winter the spot must be inexpressibly dreary. The snow lies thick amid the woods, and the scant

sunlight does but little to disperse it. The ceaseless tumult of the canopy of dry branches, rubbing and grating one against the other, and forever giving voice to the groaning wind, must too successfully muffle all human lightness and joy. One cannot fancy a cheery face within the influence of such a terrible home as this.

Even now, at its best, it was mournful and subduing. The rocks were mighty, and were covered with moss and lichens. On either hand was, not a grove, but a primeval wood, tangled from the roots of the shrubs to the topmost sprays of the fir-trees. From below the path had seemed clear, but upon treading it was discovered to be fraught with misery. There was a pitfall for every step, an obstruction in every direction; yet my guide told me that perhaps we should meet some of the mountaineers descending it with a wagon laden with charcoal.

For a mile we saw no living thing. The way was steep, the woods silent, the air warm, and the scene filled with shadow.

Suddenly my guide pointed out a path which began under the shadow of a rock. It was lost in a dozen paces. It led to a man's hut, which was a quarter of a mile off, and the path was twenty years old. We did not pursue it, as



THE PATRIARCH.

we wished to get into the thick of the region at once.

An open spot gave us a fine prospect of the valley beneath us. The man must indeed have been a determined fugitive who turned his back upon this picture to bury himself in the woods forever.

We continued our journey.

Half an hour after, while stumbling along with my head bent down, I suddenly came up with my guide, who was standing still. He pointed on in advance. I followed his hand, and saw at once the most singular and the most memorable figure it has ever been my lot to behold. It was not a sight to be forgotten. It was a boy of twenty, yet a man of seventy. Behind him was a broad, gray rock, surmounted with green, and his presence was displayed with great vividness. He must have looked at us, for his eyes were turned our way, and his position was that of an attentive man; yet neither of us caught his glance. His cheeks were smooth, thin, and dark in color. His mouth was open, and his tongue rested against his teeth. His hair was black, and hung down about his ears. He had a black shirt on his shoulders, and wore a pair of tattered nether garments. He had nothing on his feet. Upon his head was a rimless cap of felt. He stood as if he had grown up out of the ground. His chest had sunken in, and his back was bent. He breathed heavily, and there was a shivering motion in his throat. Across his forehead there ran several creases, and his eyebrows were arched. His face astonished me. Had it been that of a dead man, it could not have had less animation; it was heavy, spiritless, and blank. His vision might not have reached beyond his eyelids, or it may have ceased when it encountered us, or it may have ignored us altogether, and contemplated the distant mountains behind. It was impossible for me to speak, for I was startled and confounded. The guide regarded him with curiosity, meanwhile smoking vigorously. Even he was a little nervous. The wretch's gaze began to grow uncomfortable; his deathly-gray eyes, surrounded with yellowish rings, seemed immovable. They stared without a falter or intermission. Not a single limb moved; his chest rose and sank, and that was all.

He held us thus for a minute and a half. Then he turned slowly, describing a quarter circle with his eyes as well as with his body, and disappeared in a leisurely fashion into the forest.

I looked at the guide. He looked at me.

"Wot you tink?" he inquired.

I did not take the trouble to tell him, but no doubt I looked perplexed enough. It was some little trouble not to fancy one's self in the middle of the Hartz Moun-



HEAD OF GIRL.

tains rather than within two miles of the Erie Railway.

We went on. Instead of again allowing myself to be surprised, I kept my eyes about me. Ten minutes more produced another example. This time it was a woman. Her back was toward us, and she was languidly hacking at a birchtree with a knife, and tearing the strips from it.

Her body was very small, and she wore a long soiled dress of common calico which dragged in the grass. Her hair was gathered in a wisp, and she tore at the shreds of bark with a very long hand. She heard us, and gave us a sudden look over her shoulder. Here was another horrible face. She had a long nose, which was pressed upon her lip, a mouth whose corners were drawn down, and a forehead which retreated from the eyebrows. Her eyes were sharp and active, but exceedingly small.



PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE CLAN.

She swooped like a huge bird upon the heap of fuel at her feet, and disappeared in the depths of the wood, without a word or sound.

We followed her, for she had taken a path.

It was as devious as one in the Woodstock Maze. We lost her, but the way was plain. The guide pointed to some black fragments on the ground. They seemed to have dropped from some bag or basket.

"Burners," said he, tersely.

A moment after, we breathed air which was impregnated with a peculiar odor. It was heavy and unpleasant. The trees in this locality were larger than those in other places, and they therefore afforded a secure screen to those who desired such. Presently we emerged upon a little glade fifty feet across. In the centre was a huge, black, smouldering pile covered with earth, through which numberless jets of smoke were forcing themselves

and rising straight into the air; a few feet above the heap they drew together and formed a broad white column. This stood out against the green of the shrubbery and the blue of the sky with all the vividness of a ghost at midnight. Upon the ground lay three men, with their arms stretched out and their faces turned upward. Every one was as black as dust and grime could make him. All of them were undersized, and two wore long, coarse beards, which descended nearly to their waists.

When we presented ourselves they all got up and looked at us with that peculiar gaze which a startled deer turns upon one—that steady, curious, inoffensive stare which comes from a wondering and incompetent being. The woman had disappeared.

The guide spoke to the nearest man, and asked if he had much coal on hand. It took a few seconds for him to comprehend, and

then he turned to his companions and asked a question, which was, as nearly as I could make out, "Do they want him?" The others presently responded by a series of nods, after giving which they slowly bent down, and having reached the ground with their hands and knees at the same time, they rolled over upon the turf again and paid no further attention. The other put his hands to his mouth, and turning his face upward blew out that booming conch-shell signal which is to be heard such marvellous distances. It seemed that the sound would never be done echoing among the hill-sides; it softened as it fled, and the ear retained the murmur until it was tired of listening.

Having done this, the man also sank down and became oblivious. A boy came around from the farther side of the pile, dragging a broad wooden shovel after him. He began to beat the earth on the

mound, smoothing and arranging it, meanwhile giving us the benefit of his glassy eyes between every stroke.

Suddenly a very tall man came out of the thick wood behind us, and walked straight up to where we were standing. All at once it seemed to occur to him that this was a case where politeness was demanded, and therefore, quick as thought, he leaned slightly to one side, and produced a monstrous hand and arm which he thrust straight out and held immovable. The guide was astonished. I told him to shake hands.

"Oi," growled the man, with great trouble, "shake 'em!"

Next, he delivered his hand to my keeping.

The guide began to talk to him about charcoal, while I took the opportunity to look about. There was no house or habitation in sight. Upon the ground were scraps of bone, heaps of green wood, and some baskets. The trees in the neighborhood were stripped of their bark, and the ground at their feet was trampled. There was not a single article of value to be seen. Poverty ruled the place and the men in it. One might have reasonably expected to see a pail, or an axe, or a tin dipper, or a knife, or a watch, or some extra clothing, or some trifle which belonged to a busy laborer, but there was nothing. It was a case of first principles all around. The most valueless men had crept out of the cheapest places in the cheapest rags, had eaten in the cheapest way, seized upon the cheapest material, had animated the simplest of Nature's forces (fire), and now were enjoying the cheapest of Nature's delights (sleep). Adam could not have been more primitive.

The man bargained with my companion in the most ungainly fashion. The machinery of his mouth was out of order from lack of use, and his words were mere head-notes, blurted out any fashion. He had negro blood in him, and the flavor of the plantation had accompanied his descent from a slave. He was by no means fluent. His words came at long intervals, and in a terrible drawl. Half a dozen syllables was an elaboration which he only ventured upon once. I agreed to purchase a basket of coal, to be delivered at the guide's house in the town below.

The man's languid spirit roused a little at this success. It made him vain. He fixed his eyes on his customer, and slowly swayed his head on his long neck, muttering in a half-stifled voice:

"It'll be dummed hot, boss!" He con-

tinued to nod his head for some time, meanwhile moving his lips, and whispering something that was utterly unintelligible. After that he began to count on his fingers. He was calculating the income from the sale he had made.

The guide and I withdrew from the place, and left him in the midst of his puzzle. It absorbed all his few wits, and, when we lost sight of him, he was still busy at closing down one finger after another into the palm of his hand.

The next thing I wished to see was a house, or a hut, or shed, or whatever it was,

covered a log-cabin. In front of it was a figure, a woman, raining a torrent of blows upon a yellow log with a long, iron-bound cudgel. She swept the shaft about her tangled head like a Crusader, and dealt the ash-wood such vigorous knocks that her weapon bounded half-way up again of its own accord. Perspiration ran down her face and neck, and little puffs of dust shot up into the air whenever she struck.

Two other women were seated upon a log, which served as a door-step, and were making baskets while their hands bled. The woman who was beating the log was producing the wood necessary for the strips to be interwoven.

Our appearance was resented. The first woman stopped her stick mid-air, and unconsciously made a tragedy-figure of herself. The others jumped up and turned upon us two pairs of angry eyes. But the guide pacified them by beginning to talk about baskets.

All three paid great attention while I inspected the cabin.

Whether this was a precisely meritorious action I am not sure, but I excused it on the ground that explanation of my errand to them was totally out of the question, and that it would avoid trouble if I assumed a little impudence.

Therefore, I slipped within-doors.

There were two beds (not bedsteads, but pallets), a rusty stove, a sheaf of untidy dresses hung upon a peg, a heap of brush-brooms, two piles of horse-baskets fitted one into the other, half a dozen tin and iron implements, and a lump of raw beef hung up with a string. Hundreds of flies were going round and round with ceaseless hum, and the air was filled with a noisome perfume.

This was only one step beyond the condition

of the coal-burners. The women were mere skin and bone. What little intelligence they had was devoted to the art of quarrelling. They wrangled fiercely with their customer, and then turned and wrangled among themselves. Their features were sharp, their tongues bitter and slippant, and their voices shrill. Imagine people of this kind living together upon a silent mountain-side!

I shall be surprised if the triumvirate is not found some day—each one strangled by the other two.

Within a stone's-throw of this spot, there was a cliff, against which was built a shelving roof. Under this roof were a group of broom-makers, whittling away with sharp knives at



GOING TO TOWN

that these people called a home. We returned to the wide path, and followed it up the mountain five minutes more.

As we ascended, we observed that the way seemed a little more companionable and a little less desolate. Ruts and hoof-marks appeared, and paths into the woods happened with greater frequency. My companion promised me a log-cabin a few hundred yards to the left, and we, therefore, plunged into the wood again in quest of it.

Had we lost our path, we might have been guided by a series of sharp and rapidly-recurring blows which penetrated to us from the direction in which we were advancing. Presently a dog barked or yelped, and we dis-

handfuls of brush. We saw them before they saw us. We looked for five minutes. Not a word passed, not an expression of any kind. There were two wild children and two grown persons. All were ragged. Every face was dark and unclean. There was not an intelligent feature in the four countenances. Drudgery, seclusion, and monotony, had done their work. When they moved, they seemed to do so without intelligence, and one might almost believe that they would have continued to work had they fallen asleep. They raised their arms, opened their hands, swayed backward and forward, with the precision and regularity of machinery. It was a silent group of puppets. Three dollars would have purchased their stock and manufactures. We did not disturb them, but left them silently laboring.

Within thirty minutes more we inspected three more domicils. There was not a point of superiority in either of them. All were the same; all were devoted to shelter, and that alone. Every human being was the meanest and the most incapable. The labor they performed was done by muscle alone; intelligence played no part. When they spoke, they gasped and mumbled. When they walked, they shuffled and tottered. When they stood up, they swayed this way and that, and swung their heads like nodding dolls.

We saw some fine examples of the wretched people when we quitted the last house and began to descend to the road again. We heard a confused noise quite a distance below, and, as it seemed approaching, we waited. The path was by no means steep, as it lay along a shelf of the mountain. In a few moments, a short man emerged into view, carrying over his shoulder the end of a long rope. He was bent almost to the ground, and he pulled as hard as he could. We heard the bellowing of a cow, farther on. Immediately behind the leader there came a procession, or group, of strangely-attired mortals, all clustered about the line, and all stubbornly pulling at it. The other end was fastened about the horns of a raging animal, who planted her hoofs and shook her head desperately. But the thirteen men paid little attention; they moved on slowly, and the cow was helpless. The spectacle might have been laughed at, were it not for the uncanny looks of the handful of wretches. Their hair and beards were all yellow and matted; their clothing was in rags, and their thin figures were undersized. They struggled without much noise, pulling and straining to the utmost of their ability. One was forced to stand and gaze. It was almost impossible to even wonder, so much like artifice did the picture seem.

My companion discovered that a sheep had been killed in the neighborhood, and that the cow had become frightened at the smell of the blood, and had refused to pass the spot. Therefore, the owner had summoned his neighbors to drag her to her shed.

We left the mountain with this scene fixed in our minds. Had we penetrated a mile or two farther, it is possible that harder things might have been discovered. There are some pretty startling stories and legends

among the country-folk, concerning their witch- and demon-like neighbors—tales of fortified houses, built upon cliffs, to which the owners ascend by rough ladders; of bloody vendetta, fought out for generations between one clan and another; of starvation; sudden and unaccountable deaths and disappearances; of lines of people known by humps between their shoulders; of all sorts of dreadful deformity of both mind and body.

If one cares to spend a day lounging about a country-store in any of the villages hereabouts, he may be quite satisfied without a journey into the mountains. Horrible merchants appear in the streets, coming out of the woods at any convenient point. Sometimes they bring dwarfed and drowsy children, and ragged women. They wrangle and haggle in their singular voices and still more singular expressions, and at nightfall they retire like evil spirits, and none know whither.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WITH wings of love as stainless and as white
As snow untracked or clouds against the blue,
Clothed with God's peace, and radiant with light
That over him his aureola threw,
An angel dwelt in heaven, and all bliss,
Unending and unspeakable, was his.

Out of God's will, to this dear angel's heart
Came in sweet music what in words is said:

"To you far sparkle of the earth depart,
That bridge whereon the generations tread,
And I will give it thee to guard and tend
A human soul, and be its guide and friend.

"Or guide, or friend, truth-whisperer, or guard,

Be each, and all in one, to keep it true;
Yet, if it long neglects thee, and makes hard
And wearisome this duty thine to do,
Then turn again, nor strive against its sin,
But, at the gates uplifted, enter in."

Swift are the rays, the arrows of the morn,
That pierce the dark and shoot across the sky—

Swifter the angel who, through ether lorn,
Pierced on displayed, wide wings, until on high

God's joy-paved city dwindled to a star,
And the orb'd earth, a pale moon, shone afar.

Thither, in tireless flight, he took his way,
And found at noon, beside a shady stream,
A youth asleep, and o'er him, where he lay,
The angel hovered, mingling with his dream;

And in the dream, a cloud-land of delight,
Was seen with wings, and robes of shining white.

Here, while the youth's soul viewed the vision fair,

The soothing fingers of the unseen breeze
Lifted the bronze-dark clusters of his hair.

Warm, drowsy gold was scattered through the trees,

And near the sleeper grew, or flashed along,
Meek lives of fragrance and winged lives of song.

Thenceforth, around life's wildering, strange maze,

The angel followed with the eager youth,
And jewelled with large joys his ring of days,
And was to him the strong, still voice of truth,

That, in the hearts of all men, deepest down,
No lie can silence, no excuse can drown.

Oft dreamed the youth his angel was a mate
Whom he had loved and lost in boyhood hours.

His thought dropped balm. The pale and shunless fate
Seemed a cold wind which smote the purest flowers.

Ah! who can tell? Perchance, to all, God sends,

As guardian angels, their departed friends.

Perchance, to all, the loved and lost come back

From out the faith-seen mansions built on high,

To comfort us when trouble, wild and black,
Glooms in the heart, and overclouds its sky—

Coming to teach and guide us through the years,
And share our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.

But as, with gradual growth, the headlong brook

Into a river broadens, stilling down,
So changed the youth to manhood, and forsook

The simple cottage for the world-wise town,

And met the many shapes of vice and sin
That, clad with all enticement, walk therein.

Long fought the man 'gainst their misleading charms,

Helped by the angel's whisper in his breast.
There rose no peal of war, no noise of arms,
Yet there was giant conflict, wild unrest,
Within the soul; and Virtue's citadel,
Stormed by the baser passions, crashing, fell.

The angel wept. The soul grew dark and drear,

And gentle friends, who saw with inner eyes,

Beheld the man debased, yet, ever near,
An angel following with griefful cries,
Beseeching him his erring steps to cease,
To turn and rest upon the heart of Peace.

To angels there is ever joy in pain—

Their pain is borne for love, and love is joy.
Not yet this angel would go hence to gain

The gates of heaven, but here would find employ,

In sweet self-sacrifice, his patient heart,

To lead a soul to choose "that better part."

And long he strove; the hurrying days flew past,

The months deceased, the seasons came and went,

The rounded years their needed harvests cast.

Then death, the stiller of all voices, sent
Unto the man its call; yet ere he died

He worshipped Him whom he had crucified.

Then, bearing in his arms the soul set free,

The angel, with God's glory on his face,
Mounted on wings outspread exultingly,

Trailing his lily robes, and filled with grace,
And, hasting upward to the central star,
Saw heaven, built in splendor, gleam afar.

HENRY ARNEY.

TABLE-TALK.

DR. JAMES MACAULAY has mortally offended the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for he has written a book praising America. The former has lost no time in punishing him by its favorite method of denouncing the work as dull and tame. The *Saturday Review* regards dullness as the cardinal literary sin; and the appearance of a work which offends it is always branded with this stigma, whether there be any truth in the charge or not. The fact is, that Dr. Macaulay's "Across the Ferry" is a very lively, entertaining, and generally accurate description of this country, as far as one who passed but a few months here could describe it; the good doctor was evidently converted on the spot, and was thoroughly captivated by the frankness and enterprise of the Americans. If in some portions of the work he has wandered astray, and made sometimes unjust strictures, and sometimes a too sweeping encomium, this can be more than pardoned for the honest and naïve confessions which he makes of our superiority, in some things, to his own countrymen. On one point Americans will very generally dissent from their genial and friendly critic; he says: "In talking with Americans, I always affirmed that ours" (i. e., Great Britain) "is the truer republic. Ours is only a monarchy in name, not an autocracy; the queen having comparatively little political power, and being the head of institutions which are absent in America, where there is no court, no established church, and no hereditary legislature. The real comparison should be between their president and our premier." Dr. Macaulay forgets that those very "institutions" of which the queen is the "head," and which have no existence in this country, are in essence as in form—indeed, in England, even more in essence than in form—monarchical and anti-republican. All political systems have their social as well as their political side. England cannot be regarded as republican, not so much because its executive is an hereditary though powerless sovereign, as because it possesses an aristocracy which monopolizes the land, is hedged about by laws of privilege, has still considerable direct legislative power, and stoutly maintains class distinctions, which operate really and substantially upon the political power of the various social grades; and because it possesses an ecclesiastical hierarchy; this, too, being hedged about by protecting statutes, and favored above the other sects by the constitution, holding immense revenues, compelling the enactment of education laws which give it the virtual control of most of the schools, and having a privileged voice in the direct legislation of the realm. We are apt rather to under-estimate than over-estimate, in these days, the social and even political power of the lords, the bishops, and the Church; where such institutions exist,

republicanism in its essence cannot thrive. The House of Commons is every year indirectly but profoundly influenced by the aristocracy and the Establishment. In the present Parliament, the most liberal which has ever assembled at Westminster, the Church was able to force the Gladstone ministry and the House to compromise, both on the Irish Church question and the Education question, though Gladstone is thought to be radical, and though he had a majority of at least sixty or seventy behind him. It must not be forgotten that the social power of the aristocracy in the provinces, derived, in a very large degree, not so much from their wealth as from their titles and descent, is used with palpable effect to secure the choice of their friends as members of the House of Commons. The eldest sons of peers are, as a rule, to be found in that House; while there is a multitude of brothers, uncles, nephews, and younger sons of peers, who sit in the popular body; and whether they call themselves "conservatives" or "liberals," they use their legislative position in the interests of aristocracy and Church, and really hold the balance of power. Those, too, who have witnessed both English and American elections, will demur at the doctor's comparison of the "quiet constitutional way" of the former, with the "agitation," "disturbance of trade," and "unsettlement of credit," of the latter.

— The warfare between the allopathic members of the Massachusetts Medical Society and their homœopathic colleagues is only suspended by armistice, and is far from having been terminated altogether. For some years the former have endeavored to oust the latter from the society, on the plea of quackery and charlatanism; this has always been stoutly resisted by the weaker party, who, some months ago, were fortified by a judicial injunction served upon the society. The question whether the society, which is a corporate body subject to the Legislature and the courts, has a right to expel physicians because they are homœopaths, is to be tried ere long in the Supreme Court, eminent counsel being engaged on both sides. Meanwhile the partisans of homœopathy have availed themselves of the sympathy aroused in the public breast in their behalf by what looks very like persecution, and are about to hold a great fair in the Boston Music Hall, under the shadow of the "Big Organ," to raise funds for a Homœopathic Hospital. A scene, illustrative of the bitterness which exists between the two parties, occurred recently at the death-bed of the wealthy and benevolent Methodist, Isaac Rich, where an unseemly squabble took place between the homœopathic doctor, who was Mr. Rich's regular physician, and two allopathic doctors, who were called in by some clergymen deeply interested in the dying man's will. In this quarrel of the two professional schools etiquette is carried to its extremest limit.

The appearance of one of the hostile party in a house where there is sickness is the signal for the immediate and indignant departure of the physician already in attendance; indeed, as soon as there is an encounter of this sort, the state of the invalid, however serious, is lost to view, and becomes a secondary consideration altogether. The stronger party is determined to use its superior strength to the uttermost; the weaker is defiant, and equally resolved to resist to the last. We often hear of the element of persecution which is said to exist in the heart of Christian sects, but we doubt if the passion to crush the unbelieving ever burned more fiercely in inquisitorial bosoms than in those of these rival children of the sanitary science. In these days no good cause is aided by violence of method, or by angry calling of names; when a man in a controversy begins to foam with rage and loses all speech excepting the use of epithets, the looker-on shrewdly suspects that arguments fail him, and that he has been forced into the position of the lawyer who, having "no case," is fain to "abuse the plaintiff's counsel." That professional antagonism and etiquette should bar the mutual coöperation of two men of science in the sick-room is a grievous evil, and shows how far the mere shell of a thing is often more thought of and regarded than its kernel; for the physician should regard the triumph of his skill as his chief honor; and, if he has confidence in his method, should not fear to meet his rival on equal ground; it gives that rival a clear advantage if he retires before him on the vain pretence of "etiquette," and leaves him to reap alone the victory which might be shared in common. The multitudes who employ homœopathic doctors may be very ignorant and very gullible; it will not make them less so to charge them with it, and to shout in their ears that they are the dupes of quackery and impudent pretence. The only sound refutation would be demonstrated cure, set against demonstrated failure; that, and that alone, will carry conviction to the popular mind.

— We find, in the last number of *Harper's Monthly*, some remarks on the variety of criticism with which every magazine is apt to be greeted, which seem to us so *à propos* to our own case that we cannot refrain from quoting them. After stating that the editor receives many letters of rebuke and advice as well as of sympathy, the writer continues: "It appears, from a careful review of many of the suggestions of which we are now speaking, that this hapless periodical is at once too light and too heavy; it offers too many stories, and not enough tales; it is too much devoted to travels, and to essays, and to miscellaneous literature; it is not scientific enough, and its theological papers are too few; it is both without opinions, and its views are suspicious; it is quite right in eschewing politics, and it would be a much livelier affair if it discussed politics; it is a

mere picture-book, and it might wisely have more illustrations. Indeed, there is no error, no folly, of which a magazine might be guilty, which is not to be charged against this, if some kind private critics are to be trusted, while the great perverse public insists upon cheering our well-meant if feeble endeavors, and every month demands more copies, with all their imperfections on their heads." We cannot complain of many suggestions of the kind above alluded to, our readers generally seeming to be more inclined to commend than to find fault with the *JOURNAL*. And yet we receive enough of private criticism in all its variety to enable us to thoroughly enjoy the pleasant little sketch we have just quoted, which represents very fairly the conflicting advice which every magazine-editor receives, and between which his true course seems to be to take a general average.

— The movement in France to pay off the war-debt by a spontaneous national subscription is one of those hastily generous and zealous emotions which are characteristic of the mercurial Gauls. But it is to be hoped that no encouragement will be given to those pests of Continental society, the gambling-speculators, who are proposing to revive the Baden Conversation-house on the boulevards, and bring back the era when Frascati's lured to vice and ruin in the days of the Restoration. Even Napoleon I. refused to license public gambling-houses, though he was not personally averse to the practice; and Napoleon III., upon whose head the charge of fostering immorality and vice lies heaviest and sticks closest, could not be induced to make Paris the rival of Baden and Homburg as the gamster's paradise. Gambling seemed, under the Second Empire, to be the only vice which had to seek the darkness, and throw a cloak about itself; not that it did not flourish in Paris, but it was not obtrusive, as other social vices were; the ban of the law was upon it, and the law was sufficiently often enforced to drive it into obscurity. It would be a poor augury for the future of the republic if it should sanction, no matter how good an end, what such indifferent moralists as the Napoleons would not permit; honorable indebtedness for years would be infinitely more to the honor of the government than the concession, for money, of the power to lure foolish young "milords" and credulous Asiatics to utter ruin by presenting this despicable vice in the bright, public splendor of a conversation-house. But a national subscription which should pay off the war-debt, and thus set the national finances once more "on their legs," would be worthy of the nation which, in spite of its recent reverses, is still among the foremost powers of the earth.

— D. Appleton & Co. have, in Brooklyn, one of the largest printing and binding establishments in the world, where they employ nearly six hundred persons. In many

ways, besides the regular and unfailing payment of good wages, the firm have contributed liberally to the comfort and welfare of their employés. Their latest arrangement for this purpose is one by which they furnish at cost, to all who are connected with the bindery and printing-office, a hot dinner every day, consisting of meat and vegetables, bread and butter, and tea and coffee. The price charged for this is twenty cents, which is not more than half what is charged by the cheapest restaurants. Those of the employés, therefore, who have depended on restaurants for their dinners, save by this arrangement more than a dollar a week, and get also a plentiful and wholesome meal of the best materials. The firm also furnish to those who want it good ale at three cents a glass, the usual price at the New York restaurants being ten cents. To those of the employés who prefer to co-operate and take the management and furnishing of their own meals, the room, the fuel, and the utensils for cooking, are furnished by the firm free of cost. By this arrangement it is obvious the employés will be able to get their dinners at the very minimum of expenditure.

Miscellany.

A Bold Explorer.

"**A**MONG the bold explorers who have launched forth their barks on unknown subterranean rivers, the late Adolph Schmidl, of Vienna, holds a conspicuous rank. In a canoe, specially constructed for the purpose, he trusted himself to the dark streams of Carniola, which rewarded his adventurous zeal with many a scene of incomparable beauty, where the water-spirits and the gnomes seemed to have rivalled each other in the work of decoration. To give an idea of the difficulties and of the enjoyments of these subterranean explorations, we will follow the intrepid naturalist on his voyage of discovery through the famous cave of Planina, through which flows the Polk, a river which is at all times deep enough to carry a boat. The course of the navigation is stream-upward, and consequently much safer than would otherwise have been the case; but in many places the rapidity of the current calls for great caution, and considerable strength is needed to overcome its violence; while, at the same time, great care must be taken to avoid striking against the rocks that lie hidden under the water. As far as the end of a magnificent dome, situated about six hundred feet from its entrance, the cave can be traversed on foot; but here the sullen stream, completely filling its whole width, compels the explorer to trust to his canoe. When he has passed a portal about eight fathoms high, and half as broad, with proportions as symmetrical as if it had been sculptured by the hand of man, the thundering roar of a distant cataract announces still grander scenes. The portal widens, and the astonished explorer suddenly emerges on a lake two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and fifty feet broad, beyond which the cave is seen to divide into two arms, giving passage to two streams, whose confluent waters form the lake. This broad sheet of water affords an imposing but melancholy sight. The walls of the cave rise everywhere abruptly out of the water, with the

exception of one small landing-place opposite to the portal at the foot of a projecting rock or promontory. Here and there large masses of stalactite hang like petrified cascades from the rocks, which are generally naked and black. The vault is so high that the light of a few torches fails to pierce its gloom, which is rendered still more impressive by the roar of the water-fall in the left branch of the cavern. As far as the lake, the cave is of comparatively easy access, and has been repeatedly visited, but the subterranean course of the two brooks beyond was first explored by Schmidl. In the left or western branch of the cave, into which he penetrated to a distance of more than a mile, his boat had to be unloaded no less than eleven times, on account of the reefs that obstruct its passage, while the explorers, wading through the water, dragged it over the shallows. Once even, where the navigation was interrupted by large masses of rock, under which the tumultuous waters disappear with a dreadful roar, they were obliged to take the little shallop to pieces, and to reconstruct it on the opposite side of the mound. The navigable part of this western branch ends in a circular dome, the floor of which is entirely filled with a lake one hundred and eighty feet long, and from forty to forty-five feet deep. On the western bank of this lake, a chasm opens at the top of a mound of rubbish, the only place where it is possible to land. A violent gust of wind descends from this chasm, which, sloping upward, soon narrows to a small crevice, through which the current of air sets in.—To a lateral gallery, opening beyond the mouth of the chasm, Dr. Schmidl gave the name of 'The Stalactical Paradise,' on account of the uncommon beauty of the spar-crystals with which its wall were incrustated. It was the first time that the foot of man had ever penetrated into this charming laboratory of Nature; no torch had ever soiled its brilliant decorations; no profane hand had ever damaged its gem-like tapestry. Here whole groups of stalagmite cones, of all shapes and sizes, some like tiny icicles, others six feet high, and as thick as a man's waist, rose from the ground, while farther on the brown wall formed a dark background, from which projected, in bold relief, the colossal statue of a sceptred king. Near the entrance stood a magnificent white figure, which fancy might have supposed to be a cherub with a flaming sword, menacing all those who should injure the wonders which he guarded. "The Stalactical Paradise" remained intact," says Dr. Schmidl. "I begged my companions not to strike off the smallest piece of spar as a memorial of our visit, and they all joyfully consented. Our feet carefully avoided trampling down any of its delicate ornaments; we left it with no other memorial than our admiration of its beauty. The nymphs of the grot will no doubt have pardoned us for having intruded upon the sanctuary, where for countless centuries they had reigned in undisturbed solitude and silence."—"No description," said Dr. Schmidl, "can do justice to the fascination of this subterranean voyage. In some parts the roof is adorned with coral-shaped draperies of snow-white stalactites, but generally the walls are mere black, naked stone. Here and there sources gurgled down their sides, and along with the melancholy trickling of single drops of water from the vault, alone break the silence of the dark, interminable cave. The breathless attention we bestowed on the guidance of our boat, and on the wonders that surrounded us, sealed our lips, and we glided silently along through the dark waters, that now, for the first time since they began to flow, reflected the

glare of the torch.' Throughout the whole distance of eleven hundred and forty fathoms beyond the second reef, there is but one landing-place; everywhere else the walls rise precipitously from the water. In some parts, the roof descends so low that the explorers were obliged to lie down in the boat, and to shove it along by holding to the projections of the vault, which finally left but a few inches' space above the water, and thus opposed an invincible obstacle to all further progress."

A Woman's Opinion of Women.

The woman who calls herself George Eliot makes one of her characters in "Adam Bede" utter the following vigorous diatribe against the sex:

"Nonsense! It's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and *they do that in a poor make-shift way*; it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men. I tell you, a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of her life, and never come to see that the hotter th' oven the shorter the time; I tell you, a woman 'ull take your porridge every day for twenty years, and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk—a little more or less she'll think doesn't signify: the porridge *will* be aw'k'ard now and then: if it's wrong, it's summat in the meal, it's summat in the milk, or it's summat in the water. . . Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us! I don't say but He might make Eve to be a companion to Adam in Paradise—there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other woman to cackle with and make mischief; though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity. But it's an impious, unscriptural opinion to say a woman's a blessing to a man now; you might as well say adders and wasps, and foxes and wild beasts, are a blessing, when they're only the evils that belong to this state o' probation, which it's lawful for a man to keep as clear of as he can in this life, hoping to get quit of 'em forever in another—hoping to get quit of 'em forever in another."

The Civil-Service Examinations.

The method by which positions are sought, examinations conducted, and appointments obtained, in the Treasury Department, is as follows: Any person desiring a position at the disposal of the Secretary, makes application in writing, either specifying the particular office which he desires or not, as the case may be, and all these applications are filed with the appointment-clerk, and, from time to time, whenever a vacancy may occur, the Secretary designates in writing some one of the applicants, who, upon receipt of the notice, presents himself for examination. Upon the question of designation alone can political influence, in the present system, be brought to bear. The Secretary has entire discretion to designate whom he pleases. After this step has been taken, all the candidates are upon an equality, and are examined in substantially the same manner. The person receiving the designation from the Secretary reports at the Treasury upon the day appointed, and is at once referred to the board of examiners, who begin their work without delay. The board is composed of three persons—the chief clerk of the Bureau of Statistics, the chief clerk of the

Treasury Department, who participate in all examinations, and the chief clerk of the bureau in which the vacancy exists. The applicants have no delay in examination, as the board is in constant session, and ready to begin their work at any time. Candidates are generally permitted to appoint, if within a reasonable time, their own day of examination, and, when this work is once begun, they are required to continue until it is completed. The examination is altogether in writing, and covers the special duties of the position to which appointment is sought, and the general branches of ordinary instruction. No better idea of the examination can be given than by presenting a copy of an actual set of questions for admission to one of the clerkships in the Treasury Department. These are as follows:

1. Name?
2. Grade for which designated?
3. In what office?
4. Residence?
5. Place of birth?
6. Date of birth?
7. State as to elementary education: mathematics, languages, book-keeping, science, art, etc.
8. What subsequent experience in business or profession?
9. What clerical experience?
10. State the nature of the work, and give an example illustrative of accounts or computations in which you have lately had practical acquaintance.
11. Write in figures the numbers: Six hundred thousand and two hundred; ninety thousand and eighty; one hundred-thousandth; one ten-thousandth; one-tenth.
12. Write at length the numbers expressed by the following figures: 40080; 800401; 4050607000; 100.011; .111.
13. Add the following numbers, and ascertain the per cent. of each to their sum:

14567
33134
56714
32136
43187
24685
96517

14. Add 1.87, 0.087, 31.8705, 2.4750, 0.0102, and 0.0006.
15. From 3387.9 subtract 0.9983.
16. Multiply 31.000489 by 200.35.
17. Divide 34.75 by 89.123.
18. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$.
19. Subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{3}$ from $\frac{1}{4}$.
20. Multiply $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{3}$ of $\frac{1}{4}$.
21. Divide $\frac{1}{2}$ by $\frac{1}{3}$.
22. If the premium on gold relative to currency is 30 per cent.—that is, if \$100 of United States gold-coin is worth \$130 of United States paper currency (greenbacks)—what is the value of \$100 of United States paper currency?
23. If the premium on gold is 17½ per cent., what is the value in gold of \$100 of currency?

24. James Williams is a disbursing agent. February 1, 1870, there is in his hands \$8,463.32. March 1st he pays out \$3,498.55, on which he is entitled to a commission of 1½ per cent. May 1st he receives \$2,964.50. June 1st he pays out \$3,842, on which he is entitled to a commission of 2½ per cent. State this in the form of an account.

25. When was the Declaration of Independence adopted?

26. Who commanded the American army during the War of the Revolution?

27. Into what branches is the United States Government divided?

28. State the duties of each branch.

29. What chain of lakes is on or near the northern frontier of the United States, and by what river and gulf do their waters reach the ocean?

30. What are the principal mountain-ranges of the United States?

31. Write correctly the words in the following sentences:

Lemmon peal contains a peculiar acid.
I had as leaf go as hav him go.
The belles rang out a merry peel.
He raised 500 pounds from the floor.

Complements are seldom sincere.

Punctuality is almost a virtue.

Gold is not comparable to steel for utility.

32. Correct the following sentences:

The man is prudent which speaks but little.

A variety of pleasing objects charm the eye.

Man is not such a machine as a clock or a watch, which move merely as they are moved.

I bought the knives at Johnson's, the cutler's.

It could not have been her, for she always behaves discreetly.

Good order in our affairs, not mean savings, produce great profits.

Ignorance, or the want of light, produce sensuality, covetousness, and those violent contests with others about trifles, which occasions so much misery and crimes in the world.

33. Write an official letter.

These, it should be understood, are exact copies of the questions actually asked by the examining board, and, although they are varied with each applicant, the general average of their scope and character is substantially identical. In addition to these, arithmetical tests are not unfrequently given, including questions appertaining to the relative values of securities and the conversion of foreign securities, and other problems of a miscellaneous nature.

The experience of the board of examiners shows that the great majority of those who submit to these tests pass with credit, and receive the appointments which they seek. The candidates usually spend at least two days in the examination, and, upon the conclusion of their labor, are not delayed long in ignorance of the result. The papers are carefully examined, the decision of the board is announced, and the appointment is made without delay. No absolute requirement has been established for success, but the general character of the contents of the paper, and the evidence which it bears of the ability and aptitude of the candidate, are taken chiefly into consideration. Persons have not been rejected except upon broad and apparent cause. The records of the board of examiners, and the papers on file, will show that their judgment has been exceedingly liberal and favorable to the candidates. In making up the verdict upon the examination, the greatest weight is given to the answer to those questions relating particularly to the duties of the office for which appointment is desired. Answers in history, geography, and the other general branches of information, have not so much weight, but are designed chiefly to show the general information and education of the candidate. Much importance is attached to matters of fractions, percentage, and, for the accounting bureaus of the Treasury, the subjects of accounts and book-keeping. The examinations are substantially the same for all the clerkships in the Treasury Department, and particular assignment is made by the Secretary or by some other officer to whom this duty is intrusted. In addition to these examinations, the copyists and counters for the various bureaus of the Treasury are also subjected to a lighter and easier test, which includes but little more than a statement of the place and time of birth and the rudiments of education. Copyists are also required to pass an easy test in orthography. All of these appointments, however, are given to females, although the appointments for clerkships are open to both sexes on equal terms.

General Grant.

Alexander H. Stephens, in his recent work on the civil war, gives his opinion of General Grant, whom he met in February, 1865, at a conference between the Confederate Commissioners and President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. The first interview took place at

General Grant's headquarters at City Point, Virginia. Mr. Stephens says:

"I was instantly struck with the great simplicity and perfect naturalness of his manners, and the entire absence of every thing like affectation, show, or even the usual military air or mien of men in his position. He was plainly attired, sitting in a log-cabin, busily writing on a small table, by a kerosene-lamp. It was night when we arrived. There was nothing in his appearance or surroundings which indicated his official rank. There were neither guards nor aids about him. Upon Colonel Babcock's rapping at his door, the response, 'Come in,' was given by himself, in a tone of voice and with a cadence which I can never forget.

"His conversation was easy and fluent, without the least effort or restraint. In this, nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or avoid conversation, but, whenever he did speak, what he said was to the point, and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw before being with him long that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a *vast deal more of brains than tongue*, as ready as that was at his command.

"We were here with General Grant two days. . . . He furnished us with comfortable quarters on board one of his dispatch-boats. The more I became acquainted with him, the more I became thoroughly impressed with the very extraordinary combination of rare elements of character which he exhibited. During the time he met us frequently, and conversed freely upon various subjects, not much upon our mission. I saw, however, very clearly, that he was very anxious for the proposed conference to take place, and, from all that was said, I inferred—whether correctly or not I do not know—that he was fully apprised of its proposed object. . . .

"Upon the whole, the result of this first acquaintance with General Grant, beginning with our going to, and ending with our return from Hampton Roads, was the conviction on my mind that, taken all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men I had ever met with, and that his career in life, if his days should be prolonged, *was hardly entered upon*; that his character was not yet fully developed; that he himself was not aware of his own power; and that, if he lived, he would in the future exert a controlling influence in shaping the destinies of this country, either for good or evil. Which it would be, time and circumstances alone could disclose. That was the opinion of him then formed, and it is the same which has been uniformly expressed by me ever since."

Sir Henry Holland's Recollections.

PATIENTS AND POETS.

These brief notices of some of the patients of fifty years' practice might be largely multiplied if made to include literary and scientific men of the time. Taking poets alone into account, I may speak of my relation, both as physician and friend, to Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Moore, Frere, Matthias, Sotheby, Præd, Luttrell, William Spencer, Joanna Baillie, Lady Dacre, etc. With Byron, Southey, Rogers, Crabbe, and Bowles, I was intimate, but not professionally. I saw Coleridge more rarely, and never took a place among the worshippers at his shrine. I recollect him only as an eloquent but intolerable talker; impatient of the speech and opinions of others; very inconsecutive, and putting forth, with a plethora of words, misty dogmas

in theology and metaphysics, partly of German origin, which he never seemed to me to clear up to his own understanding or to that of others. What has come out posthumously of his philosophy has not removed this imputation upon it. I suspect his "Table-Talk," as we have it in the very agreeable volume bearing this title, to have been sifted as well as abridged by the excellent judgment of the editor.

Wordsworth, with whom I was much more intimate both at my own house and in his cottage at Rydal, also talked diffusely; but in a different vein of thought and phraseology. The latter part of his life was cheered by a redundancy of that admiration which before had been confined to a few, and which he certainly did not undervalue. The phrase which Quintilian applies to Ovid, "*nimum amator ingenii sui*," had its close application to Wordsworth. He frequently and fondly referred to his own poems, as if feeling that they had opened a new poetical era to the world. This, to a certain extent, was the truth. His fame had been clouded over for a time by the satire of the *Edinburgh Review*, the supreme leader at that period of all critical judgments; but his poetry survived the satire and eclipsed it. This was not the only poetical judgment my friend Lord Jeffrey was called upon to revoke.

I happened to be in London when Lord Byron's fame was reaching its height, and saw much of him in society. It was one of those whimsical spectacles, periodically occurring, where an idol is suddenly set up by hands which afterward help as assiduously to take it down. Though he was far from being a great or ambitious talker, his presence at this time made the fortune of any dinner- or drawing-room party for which it could be obtained; and was always known by a crowd gathered round him, the female portion generally predominating. I have seen many of these *epidemic* impulses of fashion in London society, but none more marked than this. There was a certain haughtiness or seeming indifference in his manner of receiving the homage tendered him, which did not, however, prevent him from resenting its withdrawal—an inconsistency not limited to the case of Lord Byron. Though brought into frequent intercourse by our common travels in the East, my intimacy with him went little beyond this. He was not a man with whom it was easy to cultivate friendship. He had that double or conflicting nature, well pictured by Dante, which rendered difficult any close or continued relations with him. To his fame as one of the greatest of English poets I could add nothing by any tribute of mine. It is a fame which will be augmented rather than diminished by time.

My long recollections of Moore and Campbell are somewhat saddened by the gloom which came over the latter years of these two men, whom I saw in the days of their decline as I had done in those of their greater prosperity. The differences of character, national as well as personal, were strongly marked; but there were some circumstances in common, impairing alike the happiness of both—pecuniary need more or less constant, and a morbid sensitiveness to the opinion and admiration of the world. To this was added, in Campbell, a fastidiousness of taste, which gave exquisite point and polish to his poetry, but rendered composition laborious to him, even in those shorter pieces which seem struck off in the fervor of the moment, and by which he will be best remembered hereafter. Moore had more wit, ease, and elasticity, and with his Irish temperament better confronted the cares of life. But he, too, endured the heavy penalty, common to so many, of fame and

fashion gradually passing away—a change which few can bear with equanimity. His journals curiously indicate what I repeatedly witnessed in my own house and elsewhere, his morbid sensitiveness, when singing his Irish ballads, to the effect they produced on those around him. In the most touching passages his eye was wandering round the room, scrutinizing jealously the influence of his song.

Among the poets just named, Rogers was, in many respects, the most conspicuous in London society, and this for a period of more than half a century. Wealthy, unmarried, highly cultivated in all matters of literature and art, his conversation seasoned with anecdotes and personal sarcasms, uttered in a curious sepulchral voice, he gained and kept a higher place than his poetry alone would have procured for him. He was the arbiter in many of the literary controversies and quarrels of his day. His dinner-table—the *blanda conciliatrix* in so many social discords—ministered well to this object. In society his most severe sarcasms were often hidden under homely phrases; leaving them obvious to others, while undetected by those whose foibles he assailed. There was foundation for the remark that a note from Rogers generally conveyed some indirect satire on the person to whom it was addressed—the more flattery on the surface, the more gall underneath. He could be and was ever generous to poverty and real distress, but intolerant to all that presented itself in social rivalry to himself. The usurpation by others of talk at a dinner-table, or an interruption to one of his own anecdotes, was sure to provoke some access of bitterness bitterly expressed. These feelings increased with increasing age. They were somewhat curiously modified in the distrust with which he latterly regarded his own memory—rarely venturing upon an anecdote without a *casual* as to his having told it before. He long survived most of his contemporaries of middle life, and all those who, in retaliation for his sarcasms, were wont to spend their wit on his death-like physiognomy. I never could learn why so little has been given to the world of those journals of which he used often to read portions to his friends, and which bore on the face of them the characteristic marks of keen observation and minute fidelity.

His dinners were fashioned in the same artistic mould as his poetry—the society small and select, the cookery superlative; no candles on the table, but light thrown from shaded lamps on the pictures round the room, each a small but consummate gem of art. As a specimen of these dinner-parties, I can remember one where I met Walter Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Crabbe, Luttrell, Lockhart, and I think my friend Henry Taylor, now the sole survivor of the number.

Wolves in Russia.

We entered a forest, which extended for about ten miles. The weather was particularly favorable, and, bringing our basket to light, we regaled ourselves with a hearty breakfast, at the same time not forgetting to take a good draught from our travelling-flask, with a portion of which we treated the driver. All at once our horses started and showed evident signs of fright. We looked round for the cause of it, when we saw, not above forty yards from us, what we took for a dog, rolling and barking on the snow. We made some remarks to the driver, astonished that the horses should get frightened at a dog, when he told us that this was a wolf. The chance of trying the new gun was too tempting not to give way. Accordingly I told the driver to stop the horses.

which was almost an impossible task for him, they being so frightened. However, I watched the opportunity, took a short aim, and fired. The wolf gave a jump and a howl, and then turned into the wood.

I could see that I had wounded him, but no time was allowed to us to pursue him, for scarcely had I fired, when some twenty or thirty wolves rushed out of the forest in pursuit of us with fearful howling, which I shall never forget. There was no need telling the driver to hurry the horses on, for they were flying already of their own accord. But the wolves were as fast behind us, gaining upon us at every minute. It was a fearful moment. The sweat was pouring down our faces, but we had no time to heed it. Afraid of being thrown out of the sledge, from the quickness of our flight, which would have been sudden death, we held on for our life. With our daggers, which were only sharpened at the point, though, fortunately, heavy enough to strike with, we kept the nearest wolves from jumping into the sledge, while we only shot at those nearest to the horses' heads, as we did not dare waste a single shot, not having time to reload our weapons. The horses understood well that their lives depended on the swiftness of their legs, and were literally covered with foam.

Two of the wolves we wounded severely, and when they fell they were instantly torn to pieces and devoured by their own hungry comrades. Others, that we only slightly wounded, still kept in pursuit of us, howling fearfully all the time. With thankful hearts we saw the forest was getting to an end, and we were within a mile from the station, a hut standing a little apart from the adjoining village. Unfortunately, on clearing the forest, the roads were worse, and it was a wonder to us how we still kept in the sledge without being thrown out. But the noble horses did not slacken their speed. On nearing the village, the greater part of the wolves held back, but still five or six of them, more ferocious than the rest, were in hot pursuit, which they kept on so perseveringly, that they were not three paces behind us when we came to the gates of the station, against which the horses ran with such a force as to throw them open with the shafts of the sledge. The people in the station, attracted by our shots, and seeing our position through the windows, rushed out, armed with heavy sticks and axes, and successfully drove the wolves back again, who were actually so daring as to pursue us into the very yard of the station.

Glass.

Nothing is known with certainty as to the invention or early history of glass; but, as the lava from volcanoes often cools into rude crystals, it is supposed that the ancients were induced to imitate them, and so became masters of the art. The name given to this crystal-like substance was derived from an old German word signifying to shine or glisten.

That the Egyptians understood the manufacture of glass at an early period is proved by relics found with mummies more than three thousand years old, among which are richly-carved vases and urns, paintings on glass, and artificial gems, in which amethysts, emeralds, and other precious stones, were imitated so successfully as to deceive the most practised eye.

For many years after its invention glass was applied to ornamental purposes only, and much ingenuity and skill were exercised to find substitutes for the useful purposes for which we now employ it; for windows the in-

habitants of Eastern countries used linen or paper rendered transparent by being soaked in oil; the Chinese shaved horn, split oyster-shells; the wealthy Romans thin sheets of agate or mica. Among the Esquimaux of our day large blocks of ice are inserted in their snow-huts to admit the light.

In the fourth century glazed windows were introduced into houses, and justly considered a great luxury; before the invention of glass mirrors, plates of highly-polished metal were used, specimens of which are still preserved in many families as heirlooms.

The rich wines of antiquity were kept in leathern pouches, and quaffed from the horns of animals or from rough stone cups; as the art of glass-making became more generally understood, it was applied to useful articles, and these rude utensils gradually disappeared.

In a liquid state, glass can be blown or wrought into almost any form or shape, from landscapes enclosed in paper-weights to any dresses composed of threads as fine as the spider's web.

Without the aid of glass the investigations of science could not have been pursued—as the telescope, microscope, and all other optical instruments, as well as the thermometer and barometer, depend entirely upon it for their various uses. To no other invention are we more indebted, both for luxury and utility, than glass.

Freaks of a Panther.

A disagreeable incident seems to have in some degree interfered with the comfort of three hundred passengers on board the vessel *Glenarvney*, on its voyage to Calcutta. One night, when they were slumbering 'tween-decks in the Straits of Malacca, they were disturbed by the gambols of a black panther, who had escaped from a cage in which it was confined, and amused itself by making springs over their prostrate bodies. Their screams having attracted attention, every available means of exit were thrown open, and all the passengers reached the deck in safety. One man alone appeared to have suffered from the claws of the animal, a large strip of skin and flesh being torn off his back. As the panther could not be found, it was concluded that he must have jumped out of the port into the sea, and the next evening the passengers settled down in their quarters as before. During the night, however, the panther turned up again. Some boatswain's stores being required from forward, one of the Chinese lascars was sent down to get them, when he presently returned, exclaiming, in trembling accents, "Tiger gotee down there!" The captain, determined to stand no further nonsense, immediately sent for his breech-loading rifle and cartridges, and went down the hatch by himself, and ordered it to be closed after him, for fear the beast should again get on deck, and cause further annoyance and alarm to the passengers. On reaching the deck of the storeroom, and looking around, the large, yellow-lit eyes of the animal glared down on him from the top of some spars stowed along by the ship's side. Taking advantage of the dim light admitted by the port, the captain took a steady aim at what he considered the centre of the animal's body, and fired. Still the yellow eyes glared on, until a second shot being fired, the panther, measuring seven feet eight inches in length, rolled dead at the captain's feet, to his great relief, and, no doubt, to that of his passengers also.

Whippoorwill.

I first saw these birds in Virginia, though, on account of their coming out only at dusk,

it is not at all easy to get a sight of one; besides which, they are exceedingly shy birds. For several evenings I had observed a whistle to proceed from precisely the same place at the same time. It was on or near a low fence which separated the garden where I was from a road running along the edge of a field; so I took my station close by and waited. By-and-by the loud, clear whistle, "Whippoorwill," "Whippoorwill," "Whippoorwill," repeated many times, faster than you can pronounce the words, told me that the bird was on the other side of the fence. Soon the note was heard upon the fence, and then to my delight close came the bird, whistling, as soon as it settled on the path, loud and shrill, quite unconscious that an intruder was sitting near. The next minute what should I see but his dear little mate, whom he had thus been calling, come and settle by his side. Then his whistling changed into a soft little happy cooing and twittering as he hopped to and fro, dancing to his lady-love. Never were birds so proud and happy. They fluttered their wings, and kissed each other, and whispered together, and had so much to talk about, that it was quite evident they were agreeing to make their nest together. But by this time it was growing too dark to distinguish them, and as I tried to move a little nearer, they both flew off to the roof of the house, and there the clear whistle rang out louder than ever. They were the funniest little birds, with heads that seemed nearly half as big as the body, which looked absurdly small between it and the broad, outspread, fan-like tail. They belong to a family of birds called goat-suckers. They are also called night-jars, from the notes they utter at night; and another name for them is the night-swallow, because they feed on insects as they fly. They have large mouths, which they keep open while on the wing. The mouth is fringed with long hair or bristles, which make a trap in which insects are entangled.

Foreign Items.

THE Berlin *Tribunal-Zeitung* exposes the transactions of certain swindlers in New York, who have defrauded a large number of benevolent members of the Prussian aristocracy by sending them a prospectus purporting to be an account of "The Emigrant Protector Association of New York," which, they say, owns a large hotel and seventy acres of land within two miles of the City Hall, and which is now in need of funds. Over two thousand noblemen have received this prospectus, with sumptuously-engraved tickets of membership, for which one hundred dollars were to be remitted to New York. The *Tribunal-Zeitung* says that at least one-third of the persons addressed have remitted that sum.

The young King of Bavaria has long been believed to be an inveterate misogynist. The repeated efforts which his mother, the queen-dowager, has made in the past six or seven years to find a suitable match for her royal son have always proved fruitless. It is now asserted in Munich that the real cause of his rejection of these matches is the fact that, in 1866, he was secretly married to a young actress from Vienna, whom he left, however, a few days after the wedding, on account of her bad temper. Several Munich correspondents of foreign papers have recently alluded to this rumor.

Rudolph Gottschell, the eminent German critic, has published a pamphlet on the international-copyright question, in which he says:

"The American people are certainly right in demanding that, if an international-copyright treaty is adopted between the United States and other countries, the protection shall be granted only to the authors, and not to the publishers of their works, in those countries. American readers, American publishers, and foreign authors, are alike interested in such an arrangement."

Victor Hugo is very angry about certain revelations which a Belgian newspaper has recently made concerning the skill with which, it asserts, he drives sharp bargains with the publishers of his works. It says that, after agreeing with the publishers about the copyright on his own books, he regularly wheedles them into purchasing at high rates the manuscripts of unsalable books written by his relatives, especially by Paul Foucher, his son-in-law. Victor Hugo intends to sue the publisher of the Belgian journal for libel.

It is said in St. Petersburg that Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, during his recent sojourn in that city, succeeded in gaining over to the German side the Grand-duke hereditary of Russia, who, until then, had been a determined adherent of France. This causes much excitement in the Old-Russian party, which is openly in favor of a war with Germany.

Baron d'Offenberg, the new Russian ambassador to the United States, is of Jewish descent, his grandfather having married the daughter of a wealthy Israelite merchant of Novgorod. The King of Italy, also, has recently appointed to an important diplomatic position a Jew, named Issacco Arom, who was formerly private secretary of Count Cavour, and is now Italian ambassador to France.

The lithographic industry of Munich has greatly declined, and is now far surpassed by photography. There are in the Bavarian capital, at present, one hundred and fifty photographic establishments engaged exclusively in manufacturing illustrations for book-publishing firms. Hanfstangel and Albert, the two largest photograph-houses, employ each over one thousand workmen.

The prominent theatrical critics in Paris are unanimous in their opinion that the two last dramatic works of Victorien Sardou, "Ragabas" and "King Carrot," are unworthy of his genius. "Ragabas" is undoubtedly a dramatic caricature of Emile Ollivier, the ex-prime-minister of Napoleon III., with whom Sardou was always on bad terms.

Lorenz Brentano, formerly Dictator of the Republic of Baden, and then for many years a resident of Chicago, where he amassed considerable wealth as proprietor of the *Illinois Staatszeitung*, lives in destitute circumstances at Zurich, in Switzerland. He lost all he had by the Chicago fire.

It is said that President Thiers's political views do not agree with those of any of his cabinet-ministers, and that there are among the latter, too, greater differences of opinion than perhaps ever existed in the cabinet of a powerful country.

Dr. von Dollinger complains of the indiscretion with which certain journalists have given accounts of their "interviews" with him, and he announces, in a Munich journal, that he will prosecute such papers as print misrepresentations of his conversations.

Richard Wagner's "Tannhäuser" has proved a perfect gold-mine for him. His

fantasmes have thus far amounted to over sixty thousand dollars—ten times as much as Mozart ever received for all his operas.

Guizot's "History of France, related to my Grandchildren," of which the first volume has lately been published in Paris, promises to become the most popular work of the great historian and statesman.

The Vienna newspapers say that Franz Grillparzer, the great poet, who recently died in that city, never received more than about three thousand florins for all of his literary productions.

Louisa Mühlbach intends to visit, this spring, St. Petersburg, Archangel, and Moscow, and will pass the summer in Stockholm and Christiania.

Marshal MacMahon is the wealthiest of the prominent French generals. He owns several blocks of business-houses in Paris and considerable real estate in Algiers.

The criminal population of Berlin is estimated, by the police authorities of that city, at twenty-five thousand. It has largely increased since the recent war.

The Emperor of Germany has received from Germans in the United States numerous applications for decorations, all of which have been rejected.

A humorous description of the journey of Prince Alexis in the United States is announced by a publishing-firm in Stuttgart.

The most successful German play of the season is a comedy by Paul Heyse, entitled "The Beggars."

The last words of the dying Duke de Persigny, Napoleon's most faithful companion, were, "I have fought so long!"

The first performance of Anber's post-humous opera, "The Cossacks," is impatiently awaited in Paris.

It is rumored that George Sand has abjured her infidel notions, and become a devout Catholic.

The sale of Buckle's "History of Civilization" has, at length, been permitted in Russia.

Varieties.

TENNYSON, a London gossip writes, grows more and more popular among his old friends, and adds: "For, much as it is to say, the man is better than his poetry. Plain as a Quaker in his garb, blunt but cordial in his speech, humorous and full of good stories, kindly and truthful, his annual sojourn in London (he is here now) is looked forward to as a literary and social festivity, and the sight of his long head and genial face, and his curious long cloak, is enough to make one forget the fogs which just now are thick and cold enough to increase the traffic in razors."

This is a description of a terrible infant in Fentress County, Tennessee: "The prodigy is only three years old, and weighs seventy-five pounds, has as much beard as a twenty-year old, his feet are eight inches long, though small for one of his build; he is fond of the society of girls, but the boys he detests. His voice is coarse, and his fits of passion are terrific."

Big brains seem to produce a great variety of results. Fisk's brain weighed fifty-eight ounces; Daniel Webster's weighed but fifty-three and a half; Cuvier had sixty-four and a half; while Professor Abercrombie possessed sixty-three. Ruloff, the murderer, who was

executed at Binghamton last spring, had fifty-nine ounces of brain.

A colored man at Canton, Mississippi, lately wished to kill a sheep, but not understanding the process to a nicety, held the animal upon the railroad track for the locomotive to slaughter; the sheep escaped with a broken leg, but the dead body that was picked up immediately after had on black wool, and wasn't good mutton either.

Colonel H. D. Cook, of Normal, Illinois, has patented an iron shingle roof. The shingles are about six by thirteen inches, lap each other so as to insure a water-proof roof, and are fastened by headless nails. The patent is said to be less expensive than slate.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen is a Norwegian about twenty-two years old, now a professor in a Swedenborgian college, Urbana, Ohio. His poem in the February *Atlantic* is original, and was written by him in English; not, as some have supposed, a translation.

The London *Saturday Review* says that "the difference between the Americans who contrive to believe in a majority, and the French who believe in nothing, measures the space which separates periodical anarchy from orderly freedom."

Dr. Joly says that the French consume more tobacco than any other nation, and he attributes the enervation of the soldiers, as evinced during the late war, to the combined effect of alcohol and nicotine upon the national character.

A chap who rooms up above the eaves-trough impudently remarks that, although the naturalists make no mention of India-rubber birds, he has seen doves that were gutter-perchers.

A sack has been discovered in the top of a pecan-tree in Texas containing a bow, arrows, an Indian spear, and a woman's scalp, with beautiful long hair. The sack was lashed to a bough.

Smoking is reported to be very much on the decline in England. In this country it very greatly increased during the war, and now prevails to a larger extent than ever before.

The foreign criminals arrested in Boston last year outnumbered the native offenders by more than ten thousand, the relative numbers being: native, 7,407; foreign, 17,794!

The hair-merchants have exhausted Europe, and are now canvassing Iceland for chignon material.

King Louis of Bavaria broke his matrimonial engagement with his cousin because she ate prunes.

Here is an awful warning: A Philadelphian was arrested, and held to bail in six hundred dollars, for stealing two umbrellas.

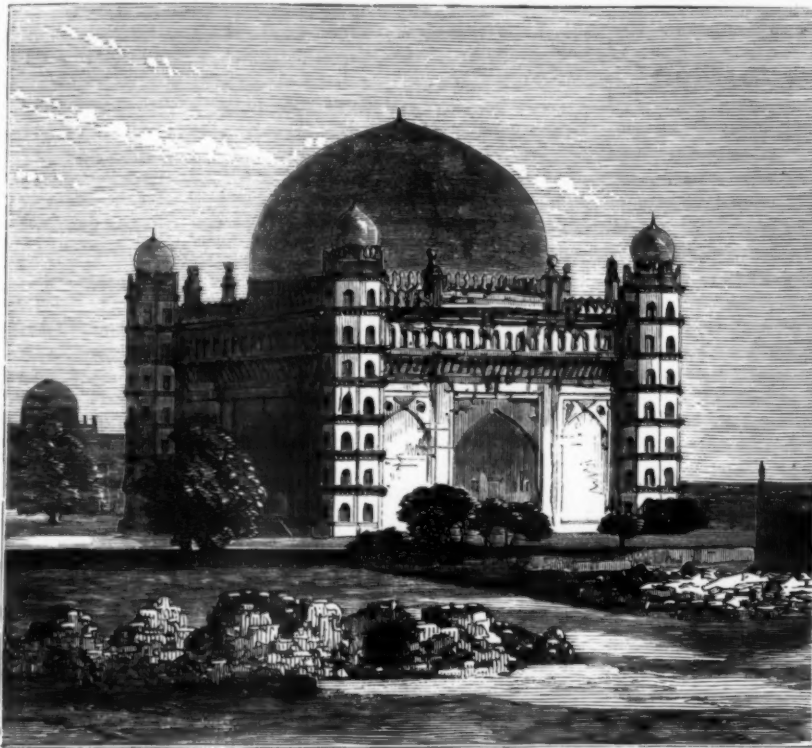
They have so many dogs at Little Rock, Arkansas, that it is proposed to establish extensive tanneries there to utilize the bark.

The Museum.

THE finest specimens of Saracenic architecture are to be found in Hindostan, in the magnificent cities erected or enlarged by the Mohammedan sultans between the twelfth and the seventeenth centuries. Prominent among these noble structures are those of Bejapoor, a city in the Deccan, in the great Indian peninsula. The city was once of great size, and, according to native tradition, was the largest in the world. The buildings which still remain were erected in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and are remarkable for constructive boldness and a general grandeur of conception and design.

Our illustration gives a view of one of them, the tomb of Mohammed Adil Shah, which was built in the first half of the seventeenth century. It is a plain, square apart-

ment, one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter, which is a little larger than the area covered by the Pantheon at Rome. It is surmounted by a noble dome constructed with marvellous skill and ingenuity. This dome is one hundred and twenty-four feet in diameter, and rises to the height of nearly two hundred feet. This building is very beautiful, both internally and externally. At each angle stands an octagonal tower eight stories high, simple and bold in its proportions,



TOMB OF MOHAMMED ADIL SHAH, AT BEJAPOOR, INDIA.

and crowned by a dome of great elegance. The lower part of the building is plain and solid, pierced only with such openings as are requisite to admit light and air. At the height of eighty-three feet a cornice projects to the extent of twelve feet from the wall, or nearly twice as much as the boldest European architect has ever attempted. Above this an open gallery gives lightness and finish to the whole, each face being further relieved by two small minarets.

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